

# COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

BEFORE these lines are in the hands of our readers attention will be once more directed to the proceedings of the British Association. It is, in a sense, a great Imperial review held annually; but a review not of things seen but of things that are unseen. Never in the history of the world have so many people been engaged in the work of analysis and observation as at the present moment. A very short while ago we commemorated in these columns the Jubilee of two famous papers read by Darwin and Wallace respectively. These papers set forth what seemed to be new, strange and startling doctrines to the people of the mid-Victorian epoch. Controversy raged round them for several decades. It seemed monstrous to assert that man was the direct descendant of an anthropoid ape, and that at the beginning there had been no creation of types but that the process of evolution, beginning with protoplasms, had in time developed all the various creatures in all their various differences which we know to-day. But at a meeting of the British Association at Dublin, thirty years ago, Professor Huxley said, "Whoever may be speaking at the meeting of this department of the British Association thirty years hence, will find . . . that the very paradoxes and horrible conclusions—things that are now thought to be going to shake the foundations of the world—will by that time have become parts of everyday knowledge, and will be taught in our schools as accepted truths, and nobody will be one whit the worse."

Those three decades have passed away. The British Association is once more meeting in Dublin. Huxley is dead; Tyndall is dead; Darwin is dead; nearly all the men who fought for science in the third quarter of the nineteenth century are dead and gone, yet the causes they represented are stronger than ever. No one now would think of questioning much that was paradoxical when Huxley spoke, and to look over the list of the many subjects that will be discussed during the course of the British Association's sitting is to see that the men of to-day are but working out the details and filling up the blanks in problems that were solved by their predecessors of the nineteenth century.

This tone of reminiscence is rendered all the more natural because a son of the man to whom was accorded the honour of beginning the great movement is this year President of the British Association. Mr. Francis Darwin is one who has inherited from his family the scientific spirit in the same way as other gifts have been handed down. Not only was his father the most distinguished scientific student of the nineteenth century, but his grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the author of "The Loves of the Plants," held no mean standing in the scientific world. As Mr. Francis Darwin has children not unfitted to tread in his own steps, it would almost appear as though the capacity for dealing with scientific investigations belonged to the Darwin blood. It is also curious that although a great deal of water has run past the mill since the day of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the grandson is treating of the very subjects that the grandfather loved, treating them, it is true, with the additional knowledge acquired during a century of rapid progress, but still in the same spirit that animated the true scholar of a hundred years ago. It is not to be expected that he will deliver an address of such wide and general interest as that which was heard last year on the Universe from the lips of one of our greatest astronomers, but the subject he has chosen is full of suggestion, and may be trusted in his hands to yield much matter for meditation. His theme, broadly speaking, is that of plant life, and it is expected that he will show that something equivalent to unconscious memory or habit can be traced in the plant. This will lead up to a re-statement of Hering's thesis that "memory is a universal function of organised matter." Only the roughest outline lies before us of a speech that is now printed, and probably will be delivered before these words are read. But there is enough to show that Mr. Francis Darwin is filling in the picture sketched by his father, and roughly adumbrated by his grandfather. To some there is a feeling akin to the mournful in the conviction forced upon us more and more that there is nothing in man, nothing in his body, nothing in his spirit of which traces cannot be found in what we are accustomed to call the lower creation. Memory, of which we are so proud, goes back to the vegetable. There is not a refinement in life which cannot be traced back, link by link of an unbroken chain, to the dumb animals, and evolution is revealed as a rounded and harmonious interpretation of the universe. The day is past when such a statement necessarily implied any conflict with religion. On the contrary, it merely explains that the Creator of this universe, whether it be some blind force working without consciousness of what is being done, without plan or purpose, or whether it be the work of some benign entity who is preparing for the fulfilment of that great purpose which our wisest men have believed to run through creation, has adopted a means to an end, and ours is no impious part when we try to unravel the course of his footsteps. The danger of it, of course, is that on certain men the effect may be to produce an utter materialism. Only a chosen few are aware that the principles of living are not affected by the nebular hypothesis that the call to exertion, the responsibility of doing one's best, has not been lessened, but increased, by the discoveries of science, and it is noteworthy that many of those who have been its closest students refuse, like Sir Oliver Lodge, to accept any merely material theory of the universe.

No one has yet so much as suggested an adequate explanation of the phenomenon of consciousness. That a man should take cognisance of all those starry worlds which the telescope has revealed to him, that he should know that these worlds are marching across illimitable space in a stately and due order, that he should even recognise his own insignificance are facts of which no explanation is forthcoming. In previous years Pasteur, Huxley and Tyndall sometimes thought that they had obtained a clue to the origin of life, but nothing is heard of all that now. If there are professors who are working out the subject in their laboratories, the results they have attained are so meagre and poor that they have not considered them worth publishing to the world, and the majority of scientific students have so thoroughly given up the search that they now confine themselves to the phenomena which come within their view and are capable of being studied. Knowledge has enlightened our darkness about many things, but as yet it has shed no ray of light on the mystery of existence, its origin and its object.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Alwyne Compton. Lady Alwyne Compton was a daughter of Mr. Robert Charles de Grey Vyner, and her marriage to Lord Alwyne Frederick Compton, son of the fourth Marquess of Northampton, took place in 1886.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY NOTES



IN the Quebec celebrations the pomp and circumstance of discovery and warfare—soldiers, colonists, natives, *coureurs des bois*, priests and other daring and devoted spirits—will find ample illustration. But there is a phase of the story of the founding and development of Canada which cannot easily be introduced into a pageant, however cleverly conceived. Obviously the inhabitant has been as essential an element as the soldier and the explorer. Homesteads were not easily planted in Canada in the early days: the Indians made settlement a danger which few cared to face. At the same time, houses had to be built and the soil cultivated if a permanent lodgment was to be effected by the pioneers of New France. Champlain was the founder of Quebec. When he realised what an ideal spot for a city was presented by the promontory that confronted him as he moved up the St. Lawrence, his first thought was to erect a dwelling-house, a fort and a store and to plant a garden. The forest was cleared, the carpenters went to work and, says Champlain, "as the land seemed fertile, I was anxious to plant a garden and determine whether wheat and other cereals could not be grown to advantage."

"The land seemed fertile!" How richly the promise has been borne out since, and what wonders of agriculture have followed on that tiny, almost idyllic, beginning! How the imagination, overcharged with the intrigues and the strife, the deadly perils and the heroic endurance of early Canadian history, finds relief in the thought of Champlain setting himself down on Quebec almost as easily as though he were in France, taking certain precautions against the possibility of Indian treachery, but withal planting not merely his cereals but his vegetables and his flowers. It was not an Eden for obvious reasons—mankind was too much in evidence and Eve was wanting; but the years were not far distant when Champlain was to take his bride to Quebec to share his perils and leave behind a memory which tradition cherishes to this day. The illustration of his habitation shows a dove-cot—"quaintly mediæval," as Sir Gilbert Parker has said, "and prettily symbolical of Champlain's peaceful invasion."

Among the institutions to which our hearty good wishes are due, a high place is occupied by the Fresh Air Fund. The honour of originating it, we need scarcely say now, belongs to Mr. Arthur Pearson, and the expenses connected with its organisation are borne by the company bearing his name and the newspapers under his control. By the aid of this fund, nearly 2,000,000 children have now enjoyed the pleasure of a day in the country. They are taken not from London alone, but from the slums of all large towns throughout the kingdom—all the towns, that is to say, with a population of over 90,000. The only qualification on the part of the children who are to be the recipients of this kindness is that they should be poor. If, as well as being poor, they are crippled or ill in any way, that only intensifies the claim that is recognised on their behalf. Hitherto the practice has been to send the children for one day into the country, but this year a new departure is being made, and in addition to the 200,000 who will have a day's outing, a further 2,000 of the very poorest children are to be sent for a holiday by the sea. This is a natural and good development of the scheme. Probably more financial

assistance will be required for it, but we have no doubt that those who have so generously come forward in the past will be equal to meeting the demands of the future. The fund is one of the few which has no outside expenses, or, at any rate, no outside expenses that fall on a contributor. Every 9d. paid into it means that a child will have a day's holiday in the country.

There were two features in the debate on the Old Age Pensions Bill in the House of Lords on which even a non-partisan paper may be allowed to comment. One was the striking fact that the Earl of Wemyss, who was born in the year 1818, and is therefore now ninety years of age, was able to make an eloquent and logical speech in moving the rejection of the measure. Very seldom is it given to us to see a man at this advanced age so fully in possession of his best faculties. The other point to which attention should be drawn is of a more serious kind. Indeed, it is so important as to reduce the Old Pensions controversy to a very minor place. We refer to a passage in the speech of Lord Cromer, whose knowledge of foreign politics is as detailed as his wisdom is unquestioned. He said the main duty "is to make provision betimes for the European conflict which may not improbably be forced upon us before many years have elapsed." Rumours of war are continually floating about, and the preparations made by one of our Continental rivals cannot escape the attention of the most peaceable; but when a statesman of Lord Cromer's standing, and of his unquestionable and unquestioned patriotism, speaks like this, the country ought indeed to take warning.

It seems now as though the difficulties in connection with the Olympic Games have been smoothed away, but it is to be feared that the enterprise has received a serious check. Of course, among cultivated people the idea of holding Olympic Games at Shepherd's Bush is ridiculous on the face of it. Whatever the International sports now being held in London are, they are in no true sense a revival of the Olympic Games. Yet, if they are not that, it is difficult to see what great attraction they can have for the crowds. England is a country of sportsmen, as witness the vast majority of events won by our countrymen, and there is no novelty whatever in seeing our athletes. The performances of most of them are perfectly familiar to those interested in their particular game. If the sports had been held in a country like Spain, where athletics have not been cultivated as they are here, they would have possessed an element of novelty that would have filled even the enormous Stadium that has been prepared.

## MIDNIGHT.

Moonlight over the moors on an August night:

Colourless heather stretching to left and right,

Gorse, once golden, bleached to a pallid white.

Nothing stirring but shadows that glide and creep

Round the grey boulders—grim in the ghostly light.

Moonlight over the moors—and the world asleep.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

To those of us who are not inclined to adopt any of the very ascetic doctrines in regard to food which are now so prevalent, Sir James Crichton Browne is a comforting physician. It will not be denied that lovers of good living were troubled in their minds by the result of certain researches made by Professor Chittenden of Yale. That American *savant*—whose conclusions were endorsed by the late Sir Michael Foster and a colleague at Cambridge—came to the alarming conclusion that complete bodily efficiency could be maintained on about half of the dietary usually taken. This was well fitted to create alarm among those who enjoyed the pleasures of the table, but Sir James Crichton Browne, with a common-sense deserving of applause, points out that the whole thing is a mistake. A man may keep himself in moderate health on a very poor diet, but experience shows that the most energetic of men and the most energetic of nations never were ascetics in regard to diet. It was vegetarianism that produced the mild Hindoo, who has ever since the dawn of history been under the control of somebody or other. He thinks it must have been the thin diet of the Japanese that kept them so long behind the rest of the nations in progress and civilisation. And those teachable Orientals showed that they themselves shared this opinion during the late war, because they allotted to each soldier a more bountiful supply of flesh than is usual in European armies, and their sailors were equally well nourished. Sir James Crichton Browne's position, then—which he has established by a patient study of facts—is that, although life may be supported on a vegetable diet, men must eat meat if they want to develop all the energy and vigour of which they are capable.

There is a clause in the will of the late Mrs. Anne Louisa Russel Waldo-Sibthorp that carries the imagination pleasantly back to some of the pious benefactors of the Middle Ages who



bequeathed their wealth for purposes that we now regard with curious and amused eyes. Mrs. Sibthorp left £4,000, free of duty, to be invested, and the income to be paid each year as marriage portions to two deserving poor girls residing in or near Sleaford, Lincolnshire. The occasion of the presentation is to be their marriage, and the selection of the girls is to rest entirely in the hands of the Mayor and members of Parliament for Sleaford for the time being, and it is easy to fancy the smile with which the kind old lady wrote down her explanation of the benefaction: "My desire being that two young girls may each year be thereby made very happy." It is a sentiment that must have made her own dying pillow smoother, and somehow it appeals to us more than the very generous bequests which she left to various charitable institutions: £20,000 to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, £10,000 to St. Catherine's Home for Fallen and Friendless Girls, £10,000 to the Royal Cambridge School for Daughters of Officers in the Army, £6,000 for the Naval Hospital at Haslar and £10,000 to the Charing Cross Hospital. It is a noble list, and shows that even in an age which is often called material and mercantile there are minds as fine and disinterested as ever were produced in a more romantic and chivalrous day.

It was observed very frequently during the course of the last English tour in Australia that the tendency of the cricket was to be very slow, and it was hoped that County players would not follow the example of these international competitors. But there are signs of slow playing getting into the ascendant. At Brighton on Monday Sussex secured only 76 runs in two hours, Vine, who was batting all the time, making only 12. At one time he did not score at all for forty minutes. The consequence of this was that he was "barracked." Of course, it is very easy to blame the crowd and to propound the high and dry theory that cricketers play the game to win. Unfortunately for the cause of sport, they also play for gate-money. If they were engaged simply in deciding a private wager, or in matching one another in a game of skill, they would be quite entitled to adopt what style they liked as long as they did not admit spectators. But cricket, as arranged, is more or less of a popular entertainment, and many of the counties not only look sharply after their share of the gate-money, but are forced into making an appeal for funds. Who pays the piper calls the tune, and no one can blame the crowd for becoming irritated when a player takes two hours to make twelve runs, while on the very same day another team—the reference is to Surrey—is able to score 485 for seven wickets. The contrast is too extreme. No qualified critic is likely to find fault with the exercise of a proper amount of caution, but surely it must be admitted that stonewalling can be carried too far.

To be general herdsman to the King has always been a place of honour since patriarchal times, and seldom can it have been filled more efficiently than by Mr. William Tait, who is now about to retire from the stewardship of the Royal farm at Windsor. He has had a long period of service to the Royal Family, as he assumed the management in 1882, and before that had worked in collaboration with his father, Mr. Henry Tait, who came to Windsor in 1858, shortly after the foundation of the herd by the Prince Consort. The successes of the Royal farm have not been limited to any one breed. Its shorthorns have been celebrated, but so also have the Herefords and Devons. Innumerable prizes and championships have been won at the shows of the Royal Agricultural Society in England and other summer exhibitions, but the winter shows of fat stock have also witnessed many notable Royal victories.

It would be impossible to point to any particular feature in Mr. Tait's management to which this is due. He is emphatically an all-round man, equally good at judging the potentialities of a beast, at mating cattle so as to produce the best results—and this in itself is a very great gift—and unsurpassed in the knowledge of the best method of bringing the beast to that high state of perfection which is now requisite to secure the honours of the show-yard. But he himself attributes much of the success of the Windsor herd to the importation of Scottish strains of shorthorns. In the days of Prince Albert breeders had come to look upon the Booth and Bates types as perfection; they were afraid to go beyond certain celebrated herds for new blood, and the consequence was that, although animals of a very beautiful type were produced, they began to show unmistakable signs of losing substance. It was the importation of sires from the North that checked this tendency and led the way to the formation of that splendid herd of shorthorns which is now in existence.

Mr. Tait, therefore, has more than earned the rest to which he now lays claim. Many of his friends in the agricultural world who have a personal experience of his unvarying kindness and courtesy will deeply regret the cause of his retirement. He has

not enjoyed very good health for a considerable time, and something approaching a complete breakdown happened to him a while ago. From this he has to a great extent recovered, but the doctors came to the conclusion that his ultimate recovery depended upon absolute rest and freedom from responsibility and the worry and care involved. We can only hope that time, health and enjoyment will be spared to him for many a year. His place will be taken at Windsor by Mr. William McWilliam, who for some time past has been in charge of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's place at Goodwood. As he is the son of a great breeder and exhibitor, Mr. James McWilliam of Stonetown and Garbity, it may be confidently expected that the prestige of the Royal herds at Windsor will suffer no deterioration under his care.

Thanks to the untiring energy of Professor Knight, the cottage at Nether Stowey in which Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner" has been acquired, and will be kept as a memorial of the poet for the benefit of the public. The place is historic because "Christobel" and "The Ancient Mariner" were composed in it, and here, too, commenced that notable friendship with Wordsworth that was to bear so much fruit in English letters. Coleridge himself is an example of a great name overshadowing the performance. He was the inspiration of those who surrounded him, and appears to have given the most acute observers an impression that there was nothing within his range that he could not accomplish if he set himself to it. But, as he wrote in an old note-book, which the present writer has the pleasure of possessing, it was often "to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow" with him.

#### THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

When to the round of labour's numbing stress  
Man gives himself, abiding by his lot,  
Or here, or there to live in loneliness,  
Waiting for that to come, which cometh not,  
All else forgetting, and himself forgot.  
Touch thou the arch of deaf Oblivion's ears  
With the skilled music of thy many moods,  
That bids him hear, though mersed in sordid gears,  
The murmur of dusk's scented solitudes,  
The muffled bugle blown in goblin woods.  
Touch thou the dome of blind Oblivion's eyes  
With honey-salve from haunted meadow-ways,  
That bids him love the simple, and the wise,  
Whilst thy fair hands unwind before his gaze  
The twilight tapestry of ancient days.  
That so in thought he walk with thine Elect,  
Hail each as comrade, wander unafraid  
Through the long streets of Time, the Architect,  
Time, who a city of the past hath made,  
And win an Eldorado unassayed.

ERIC CLOUGH TAYLOR.

After a June which was really ideal for hay-making and cricket, the deluges of the early half of July put an abrupt stop to both these country occupations. The latter may be resumed when the weather clears and the wicket dries, but, unfortunately, the former cannot be taken up in any satisfactory manner after the grass has lain down day after day soaked on the field, or been beaten flat while still growing. It is to be hoped that a large proportion of the hay will have been excellently saved, but there is no doubt that an important percentage was subjected to the worst possible weather, and will be irredeemably spoiled. Nor has it in all cases been the farmer's fault that he did not make hay while the sun shone. With the very best will in the world, it was in places impossible for him to get sufficient labour to save it all before the deluge came.

Although the May-fly season was so disappointing generally, in the South the fly was appearing in very good numbers, and the fish accepting it with a grateful appetite in those Midland and more Northern rivers on which it is found, and anglers had very good sport. But it is often argued that a poor May-fly season is not an unmitigated misfortune (except, indeed, on those few unfortunate rivers where the fish seem to take no other fly on the surface), for if they have not had their full gorge of the so-called May-fly, which makes his appearance generally in June, they may be expected to give all the better sport, rising to the other flies later on. The present writer has had a personal proof of this argument this very year. Fishing on a day in July, when the "pale watery dun" was on the river, he killed a bigger fish than he had seen move all through the May-fly time, and bigger than any killed on the river during that time or before it.

Market gardeners and others agriculturists and farmers cannot be too often reminded of the need of paying attention to the regulations which are made from time to time for the general



good, and for the moment their attention may be specially invited to an order of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, by which all whose gooseberries are affected with the American mildew have to report the fact, under penalty of £10. It is singular how often the farmer is in ignorance of regulations which affect him closely. An instance in point was afforded at Peterborough the other day, when a number of sheep farmers, sending in their stock to Peterborough Market, were both astonished and indignant to find their sheep refused entry because they had not been dipped in accordance with the new sheep-scab order of the Board, which has just recently come into force. The refusal of admittance of the sheep had a further effect, felt by the housewives of the town, that in consequence of the short supply of mutton the price was put up to 7½d. a lb.

Many of our readers apply to us from time to time for advice as to means of destroying the bracken which has invaded many areas from which, for one reason or another, it is desirable that it should be removed. We do not propose to reiterate the advice which we have collected from one or two who have been successful in carrying out this removal; but it may be satisfactory to know that the bracken is not invincible and can be removed by cutting and bruising, done and repeated at the right time—that is to say, when the sap is flowing. From a keeper

on a Welsh moor we have the following, which is worth putting on record: "I am glad to be able to say that the bracken cutting is doing good. We have ground that, three years ago, it was difficult to ride a horse through, on which there is now scarcely any bracken, and grass and whinberry roots are spreading over it." It is especially satisfactory to have this testimony to the grass coming where the bracken has been killed down. In many places the bracken is apt to be replaced by gorse, which has no greater value as pasture than that which it has supplanted.

The bell heather is coming out on the southern heaths and moorlands in more than usual brilliancy and richness. Indeed it is possible to give the same account of the wild flowers of the year generally. We have never seen the honeysuckle or the foxgloves so plentiful on those soils of mingled sand and clay which they seem to love, nor, again, the meadow-sweet and wild parsley in greater profusion on the stiffer soils affected by them. Wherever we look we have the like wealth. We pay for it, in some measure, by the shortness of the lives of some of those whose day is past. The gorse was extraordinarily brilliant, but its glory faded quickly, and it was so, too, with many garden flowers, notably roses, which bloomed gloriously, but were soon forced out of life by the vivid sun and parching winds of June.

## STONECHATS AND WHINCHATS.

Our furze and heather clad commons the two chats are by no means rare, the handsome, boldly-marked male stonechat being a conspicuous object as he stands on the highest point of some gorse bush or low-growing fir tree and protests vigorously against the sin of prying curiosity which induces strangers to search for the carefully-hidden nest, with its five or six greenish blue eggs spotted with red-brown; when he will further do his best to lure the intruder from the right spot by various tricks and feints. This particular pair of stonechats had built their nest beneath a tangle of bracken, gorse and briar, close to a seat where two paths converged. As a rule, if birds choose a public situation for their home, they are not very shy of the photographer, but the way in which individual birds of the same species differ as regards degrees of shyness is always a matter of wonder to the Nature-worker. One of my keeper friends maintains that it is the young and inexperienced couples that are particularly cautious and liable to forsake their nests if the photographer is too persistent, but personally I doubt this; much contact with human beings does not seem to me likely to increase any bird's confidence in the goodwill of mankind in general. However this may be, the male stonechat depicted here showed absolutely no fear of the camera, which was placed, with very little attempt at hiding it, about 4ft. from the point of gorse immediately above the nest. As these birds when annoyed jerk their tails up and down almost continuously, it is not easy to seize upon the right moment for exposing a plate. The hen bird, on the contrary, seldom came near, and when she returned to feed her young ones, slipped

quietly through the undergrowth in an exasperating way, evidently anxious to avoid the publicity of an illustrated paper. If, however, I moved my offending self and camera to a distance and simply watched, both birds came on an average twice a minute during a given half-hour. It is when we grasp a fact like this that we realise how absolutely insupportable life would be if there were no birds.

to rid us of insect pests. Nothing seemed to come amiss in the way of nourishing food for the young stonechats—flies, gnats, moths, small beetles and, as special dainties, squirming, succulent young lizards. I am always amazed at the way in which a bird maintains its grip of a struggling victim while at the same time pouring forth a torrent of language quite unfit for publication. I was amused, too, at the way in which these two birds pretended their nest was elsewhere, till persuaded of the fact that I knew its real situation and was not to be deceived. They even went so far as to feed imaginary young ones a little distance away; but as this farce could not long be maintained, because of the vigorous protests of the real brood, eventually the parents settled down to business. Owing to the public situation of this nest, I deemed it advisable to secure my pictures as soon as possible after sunrise; and as this would entail early rising and a three-mile cycle run, sleeping out all night seemed much the easier way of managing this. One cannot, however, sleep soundly out of doors on a May night, when all Nature is waking and riotous life is everywhere triumphant. The blood of the vagabond—naturalist somehow becomes infused with unwonted energy, and he desires to get closer to the mighty heart of Nature and learn her intimate



MALE AND FEMALE STONECHATS.



MALE STONECHAT.

secrets. Chaucer—or his disciple—felt this stirring of the blood in May when he wrote:

And I rejoicing in this season sweet  
Was happed thus; upon a certain night  
As on my bed I lay, for sleep unmeet,  
Weary yet restless; but wherefore I might  
Not sleep, I wist not, for no living wight  
As I suppose had more of heartfelt ease,  
For I had neither sorrow nor disease.  
And on I put my gear and my array,  
And to the pleasant grove my footsteps bent  
Long ere the sun had lit the firmament.

But for the Nature-photographer, who must not be a poetic dreamer altogether, it is far easier to have his "gear and array," including camera and bicycle, ready overnight, so that the start may be made with little delay and as soon as the light will permit. Better work can be done in the early morning than at any other time; the young birds are hungry, and therefore the parents' time is so fully occupied with supplying the demands of a clamorous brood that they have less fear of the camera and its owner than at any other hour of the day. The stonechat is one of the few "soft-billed" birds that remain with us all the year. The name is misleading, and suggests bare desert places, instead of which this bird is almost entirely confined to heaths and commons; but it is so called from the similarity of its alarm note and the striking together of two pebbles. There are one or two curious superstitions connected with the stonechat. In some parts of Scotland it is supposed to contain a drop of the devil's blood, and its nest is

never taken because of the curse it is always promising, which runs thus:

Stane Chack!  
Deevil tak!  
They who harry my nest  
Will never rest,  
Will meet the pest!  
De'il break their lang back  
Wha my eggs wad tak' tak'!

A Scotch curse is nothing if not picturesque! The whinchat differs from the stonechat in being exclusively a migrant, and also in having no near relatives, whereas, the latter bird is closely allied both to the wheatear and to the redstart. Though not so brilliant as the stonechat, the plumage of the whinchat has an æsthetic value of its own. It is really a very beautiful bird.



A MOUTHFUL OF LIZARD: STONECHAT.

The broad eye stripe—white in the male, buff in the female—and the warm brown markings on the head and back, make it very attractive. The song of the male whinchat is both sweet and low, and to hear it close attention must be given. Though the

name is suggestive of gorse and heather, its owner is not entirely confined to these districts, but seems equally fond of pasture lands. The whinchats in the accompanying illustrations were not so easy to photograph as the stonechats. They had built their nest beneath a tuft of dry grass in a bit of open moorland where there was no cover or shade from the blazing sun during those terribly hot and stormy days between May 26th and May 30th. However, hiding my camera and myself as much as possible, I obtained these pictures.



FEMALE WHINCHAT AT NEST.

In this case it was the hen whinchat that showed the most courage, while her mate either sat on the top of a fir tree some way off and sang for all he was worth or else supplied her with insects, which she brought to the young ones. Only once did I catch the male bird on the twig near the nest during the three days I spent watching them.

I am persuaded in my own mind that a bird's song is often expressive of alarm. In this instance, the male whinchat would perch on some twig near me, and while examining every aspect of my disguise, pour forth all his little song. Once he sat on the camera, peering into the lens, still singing. I have noticed that willow-wrens, whitethroats, reed-warblers and many other birds will do the same thing when suddenly aware of intrusion, and after giving vent to the usual alarm note immediately break into rapid, jerky song, especially when called upon to face the camera for the first time. As far as my experience in bird photography goes, the females are generally more courageous than the males, but I have ceased to attribute callous indifference to the latter when they sit at a respectable distance and sing lustily. Another pair of whinchats evidently had a nest not far from my birds, and away over the heather two old stonechats were busily instructing their newly-fledged brood in the art of living, for the resident stonechat is a much earlier builder than the migratory whinchat. I wonder if the little ones of the whinchats feel very superior to the young stonechats, because their minds will be enlarged by a foreign education and foreign travel; or whether, on the contrary, the resident stonechats have an insular prejudice against "foreign manners"; in any case, though so similar in general habits, they seem not to mix in society. But all these things are beyond human ken.

E. L. TURNER.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

CONTINUOUS DAYLIGHT IN THE NORTH.

FOR three days, from June 30th to July 2nd, we had the very extraordinary experience of continuous daylight during the night hours. On July 1st especially it was broad daylight at midnight, and one could read a book indoors without any artificial light. On July 2nd the thrushes were in full song as late as 10.15 p.m., but after that time, although the light was still strong, they seemed to know that it was time to roost, at all events, I did not hear them later. In the North the sunset continued all through the night, and one observer wrote to the papers saying that at 1.30 a.m. the sun, or what



FEMALE WHINCHAT.

appeared to be the sun, was actually above the horizon. In some quarters it was stated that this complete absence of darkness was due to a display of aurora, but the scientific explanation seems to be that owing to such an extensive area of fine, calm and sunny weather prevailing at the time, particles of dust floating at a great height caught the rays of the sun and reflected them downwards to the earth.

### THE NESTING OF THE RED GROUSE.

In marked contrast to last season, the grouse this year have done very well indeed, and very few pairs are without a brood of healthy chicks. Although very cold in April, with severe frost and a good deal of snow, the weather in May was exceptionally fine, with excessive heat during the last week of the month. A great many young grouse are strong on the wing, but the majority can as yet fly only with difficulty, and some broods are only a few days old. There has been no damage done by frost and snow, as was the case last year, and the number of spoilt eggs must be very few. One nest I saw where the sitting bird had been caught by a fox and the eggs destroyed, and a severe thunderstorm on July 2nd must have done a certain amount of damage. I was on the hills on that day, and, after a very hot and sunny morning, the storm burst very suddenly. Where we were there was very little rain, but the forked lightning was exceptionally brilliant, and the thunder very loud. Half a mile further up the valley we saw the rain descending in a solid sheet, and when the storm had abated one side of the hill was seen to be quite white, while the other had altogether escaped the hail. On going to where the storm had been raging, we found the burns coming down in tremendous flood, and carrying trees and stones with them. A bog where lapwings and redshanks had young was quickly flooded, and it was distressing to see the young birds fighting for their lives in the flood, while the parent birds hovered overhead encouraging them. I attempted to rescue some of them by wading out into the water, but was too late to save any lives. I noticed, however, that the young redshanks seemed very much more at home in the water than the lapwings, and easily swam to safety.

### WILLOW WARBLER FEEDING YOUNG STARLINGS.

A rather curious incident of one bird feeding the young of another came under my notice lately. A starling had her young in a hollow tree, and was assisted in the work of feeding the young birds by a willow-warbler. Although by no means common, this co-operation among birds of different species has been several times noted before, and Mr. Kearton, in one of his books, has a very pretty photograph of a robin feeding a nestful of young thrushes.

### NESTING OF THE SWIFT.

This season there seems to be an increase of these birds, and just at present they are very busy in feeding their nearly full-fledged young ones. Unlike the swallow or house-martin, the swift does not construct a nest of mud under the eave of a house, but makes its nest in a dark hole where, perhaps, the cement binding two stones together has given way. The nest is constructed very roughly of pieces of straw, and the structure is in some way cemented together by saliva from the bird. The swift is unable to alight on level ground, as it cannot rise without help, owing to the construction of its



SCOLDING THE INTRUDER: WHINCHAT.



wings, so that the nesting material must be gathered on the wing. Swifts are very conservative birds, and return to the same nesting-site year after year. The eggs are laid early in June and are usually three in number. In size and shape they closely resemble those of the water-ousel, but are rather more elongated than those of the latter bird. A near relative of our common swift is the Alpine swift, and this season a specimen of the latter bird was observed in this country along with several of the common species.

#### DANGERS OF THE PTARMIGAN.

A short time ago, when on the hills, I noticed a pair of hoodies rise guiltily a little way from me and fly off, and on reaching the spot found a ptarmigan quite warm but with her head cut clean off. She was evidently a sitting bird, and the explanation of her death seemed to be that while flying low over the brow of the hill, she had come against one of the wires of a sheep fence, and the force of the impact had severed her head as cleanly as though it had been done with a knife. Ptarmigan are usually close sitters, but one I recently saw was exceedingly tame, and I could easily have caught her on the nest. A little further on I found another hen ptarmigan also sitting very hard, but with two of her eggs lying outside the nest. Evidently she had been very much scared and had flown off in a great hurry, and a golden eagle's feather lying near afforded a probable explanation of her terror.

#### LATE VIOLETS.

To a native of England, violets in July would seem very extraordinary, but on the higher hills they are at the present date of writing (July 6th) in full bloom in many places. Where the winter snow has been long in disappearing, plant life is naturally extremely backward, and in many spots on the higher hills the ferns are as yet scarcely above the ground. It is almost incredible how long the winter's snow will remain even on the south slopes of a high hill. At the present date of writing, for instance, the south-east side of Ben Muich Dhui is still almost covered by an immense snowfield, which has withstood the intense heat of the past weeks with very little change in its appearance.

#### THE FISHING SEASON ON UPPER DEESIDE.

During last month very good salmon-fishing was had on the upper reaches of the Royal Dee, and at Braemar, especially, a great many fish were taken. At this season of the year the water is usually very bright and clear, especially on the upper reaches, and the keepers begin fishing about 2 a.m. and continue till 5 a.m. or 6 a.m.; then they lay their rods aside during the heat of the day and begin to fish between seven and eight in the evening, continuing till dark. Although the fish caught up at Braemar have been in the river for several months, they are very clean and firm, almost as though they were fresh run.

SETON P. GORDON.

## SCHOOL CADET CORPS.

TO the outside world a school cadet corps implies a few parades in every term and the annual appearance of a shooting eight at Bisley. It is true, no doubt, that the chief labours of the boy patriot are employed in these directions; and it is true also that some actual members of the corps itself imagine that when they have reluctantly done their class-firing, and still more reluctantly been put through their drills, they have exhausted the length, breadth and height of what is shortly to be known as the Officers' Training Corps. But to the keen spirits, and they are many, there still remains an infinity of tasks. It would surprise even the military authorities to know to what extent the public schools now endeavour to train their charges as soldiers, and it might possibly broaden the mind of even a Labour member if he could witness, as I once heard it wittily put by a brother officer, "the children of the accursed rich voluntarily fitting themselves to defend the offspring of the blessed poor." The shooting of the great English and Scotch schools for the Ashburton Shield is a familiar subject



A MINIATURE CAMP.

to all, but I much doubt if any but those intimately acquainted with an Eight realise the drudgery which its members undergo — the countless rehearsals that are necessary before the one great nerve-searching performance that brings satisfaction to so few and disappointment to so many.

Class-firing, too, is none too easy to organise; each cadet should fire his course of fifty shots on Service or miniature range, according to his size, and, taking the average number of cadets in a school to be 100, some 5,000 cartridges must be discharged in a season under the most careful supervision. Bearing in mind that many establishments have to visit ranges miles away from them, that the claims of cricket, not to mention work, must be considered, and that the weather only admits of a very brief season for rifle-shooting, it will be allowed that the authorities have something to grapple with; and grapple with it they do most successfully. But, after all, shooting is to a corps its very life-blood, and though the task may be Herculean, it has somehow to be accomplished if the institution is to exist at all.

Other portions there are of military training which might be allowed to slide, but which the boys make their own as surely as they do the rifle. First of these is signalling, and in many schools will be found those who have mastered not only the semaphore and the Morse but the



HELIOGRAPHY.

heliograph. The first of these is easy, and may be learnt in a term, but the two latter demand months and months of painstaking practice before messages can be speedily read and transmitted. It would hardly be thought that the drudgery connected with entrenchments would appeal to boys, but I am informed that at Eastbourne, at any rate, where this form of exercise has been instituted, volunteers for the spade and pick are by no means loth to come forward.

Not the least important part of the cadets' work is done each year in camp at Aldershot, and one of the greatest pleasures in the life of a commanding officer is to see the readiness with which so many give up a week of their holidays. No less gratifying is it to witness the splendid way in which they perform their arduous labours when they have exchanged the dormitory for the tent.

So really essential do I regard camp-life to the training of a volunteer, that recently, in connection with the corps which I command, I have instituted a tiny school camp; in other words, two tents have been pitched in the school grounds, and in them will sleep during the two last months of the summer term an officer and a small detachment of boys. The latter will never be the same on two consecutive nights, the object being to give all a superficial training in the art of folding blankets and keeping the lines spotlessly clean, and to initiate them into various other mysteries which belong to life under canvas. Closely connected with this branch of cadet military work is the business of tent-pitching, and several schools have trained teams able to perform such a task with astonishing dexterity and swiftness; the rapidity with which the competitors raise their tents at Aldershot must astonish the spectators; it appears as though a crop of enormous mushrooms had sprung from the earth by a miracle. Bands do much to popularise a school corps, and many establishments have excellent ones. Most are of the drum and bugle order, but Eton and Harrow have each a brass band. I believe I am correct in saying, however, that neither is composed entirely of boys. An Aldershot field day attended by twenty or thirty schools is productive of some magnificent music, and the bands of so many schools are so excellent that I hesitate to mention any in particular. I do not know whether it is the custom elsewhere, but at Lancing the band parades every evening for "retreat," and the "last post" is always played at nine o'clock by massed bugles.

I have no space to pay more than a passing reference to the many field-days which schools arrange among themselves, to the admirable field training for officers and non-commissioned officers held last Easter at Uppingham, to the various lectures given by officers to their men, to the gallant attempt made by some to produce satisfactory singing in the ranks when on the march. And there are other little details connected with the lighter side of military work at school, such as the introduction of one or two regimental pets, which also go to swell the story of keenness and enthusiasm. Last, but not least, I know of one school which has opened a



THE PET OF THE LANCING COLLEGE CORPS.

the big battalions; who can doubt it? But he is less complacent; the minority has roped and tamed him with such success that, if he be a wealthy Philistine, he will outbid all Camelot when a tapestry comes to the salerooms, and will hang up the web in his stronghold, denying himself the crimson flock wall-paper for which his natural man secretly yearns. The most of us must enjoy in a museum the hues and mystic shapes of an ancient hanging, for tapestry has come to its full honour, and only the long purse may buy it. Nevertheless, our connoisseurs seem more eager in collecting than in studying their purchases, for there is still a singular lack of English treatises on the art and history of tapestry-weaving. Mr. W. G. Thomson's "History of Tapestry" comes, then, to fill a place usefully, a large book of 500 pages, whose illustrations remind us that the age of the wood-engravers could only have given us true pictures of tapestry at a mighty cost. A half-tone block displays cheaply and faithfully details beyond the graver's pains, and the three-colour process allows Mr. Thomson to show us something more than mere blacks and whites. As illustrations to the 500 pages we find these pictures none too many, and they pass somewhat too hastily from the best ages to the over-ripe Renaissance work. It is by his letterpress that we must judge Mr. Thomson, and that has the defects of his qualities. Mr. Thomson is an artist, a man whose eye and hand have been trained, and this is of great advantage to him and his readers. But he is no writer. Through his five hundred pages his narrative flows a quaggy stream, an ill-arranged and halting story. With such little skill, Mr. Thomson would have done better to give us a short introduction to his pictures, following them with an appendix of the interesting documents which he has collected. The pioneer, too, should be modest in the field which he marks out. Here we are led pitilessly from the ancient Egyptians to the Merton weavers of the eighties, from Thoutmôsis III. to Mr. Walter Crane. Scrappy history

revolver range for its officers. There can be no doubt that the military movement is progressing in extraordinary fashion at our schools, and it is gratifying that the War Office has at last recognised it and will endeavour to turn it to account by the system of officers' training corps. I do not, however, believe that the authorities have yet made the most of their opportunities, for, properly nursed, encouraged and organised, the schoolboy, rich and poor, might solve the whole problem of National Defence.

## OLD ARRAS.

IN the great days of the Great Exhibition, when the waxen flowers were in bloom and the antimacassar wreathed the chair back, there were precious sayings concerning any tapestry older than the Gobelins looms. It was the rude hanging of the baron's hall; it was "the barbarous wall-decoration of the middle-ages." At the best it was "quaint"—a blessed word which still works long hours—and mouldering on an inner wall it provoked the sigh of sensibility as pleasantly as the destructive ivy without. Now, as then, the Philistine has



UNDER CANVAS.

intrudes itself, and Mr. Thomson's history has the air of being borrowed from the nearest book to hand. Not always a trustworthy book, or Mr. Thomson would never have surnamed Louis of Male, Count of Flanders, Louis "le Male." But, in spite of all his perplexities, Mr. Thomson has valuable material, and many of the documents are of the first interest. That he quotes a patent roll of Edward III. as being in the Tower of London, wherein the patent rolls lay during our grandfathers' days, hints that he has not always a first-hand knowledge of his records, and he is not at ease with their Latin. Yet his catalogue of tapesars' marks is most welcome, and his collections of tapestry inventories, given at length, deserve the student's attention. More especially the lists of those hangings which were the glory of the Burgundian Court and the delight of Henry VIII.'s sumptuous mind will bear reading line by line. The great inventory of the Arras work in King Harry's halls and towers is a piece of history that shows by what means many of the pieces came to his hands. For many a hanging has "the Cardinal's arms," and others have some shield or badge of that Duke of Buckingham, the "beautiful swan" of Skelton's rhyme, whom the Cardinal pulled

down before his own fall. "One pece of our Ladye hir sonne and another woman having a peare in hir hand" is noted as "late the Lorde Cromwelles," and "six peces of verdours chequered with red and Fawny" bear "the late Duke of Norfolk his armes in the myddest of everye of them." Thus axe and forfeiture brought in hangings to the royal garderobe. A hundred years later we have the inventory of the arras thrown upon the market by the beheading of an English king, and still among them are some of the splendid Cardinal's pieces and old hangings, while roses and sunbeams show that the arras of the age of the Yorkist kings served some corner of Charles I.'s palaces. For tapestry is enduring stuff, and the expert who of late gave evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords that it will perish "as rapidly as our window curtains perish," may be reminded of these inventories. If they fail to affect his stubborn opinion, let him consider the case of the Angers Cathedral tapestry, which, thrown out of doors by the lamentable ignorance of eighteenth century clergy, served to cover orange trees from the winter frosts, and to furnish bedrugs, before it could be recovered and hung up again as a wonder of fourteenth century work.

## THE CROFTER'S FIRESIDE.

THE *Contemporary Review* published an article in 1885, entitled "The Crofter Problem," beginning with these words: "The condition of

the Scotch crofter has been thrice the subject of official investigation within the last half century, but it remains as unsatisfactory as ever." It proceeds to say "the dwellings of the people are so utterly vile . . . that such houses would imply the moral and physical degradation of their inhabitants." Among the reasons suggested for this deplorable state of things is "that the people prefer living in those 'black houses,' with the dunghill in the centre and without either window or chimney"; that a case had been known "of one family that got a 'white house' with a partition between the cattle stalls and the human dwelling, and the first thing they did was to break through the partition and shut up the separate door for the cattle." Such "moral degradation" is not confined to the Scottish crofter, for in Ireland, in the sixties, the writer's father rebuilt a one-roomed, tumble-down hovel, in which had lived for years a widow, her son, her pigs and her poultry. This



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

"SWEY AND YITLAN."

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little old woman's devotion to her employers, her honesty, her chubby cheeks and healthy appearance, as she daily came to mend and make at the "big house" (for she was an accomplished needle-worker) showed little sign of physical or moral degradation, and yet when her new home was finished, stone-walled, roof-slatted, containing in all but three rooms, she shut up two of them, remarking, "it was woild-like," and in the third spent the remainder of a long, contented life with son, pigs and poultry. Moreover, the moral degradation consequent on being brought up amid such surroundings was as absent in the son as it had been in the mother. After her death he devoted himself to his religion and to helping his poorer brethren during moments of leisure snatched from days of toil as a common labourer. These probably isolated cases are by no means quoted to disprove the value of more humanising habitations, but they tend to show that existence in a "black house" does not of necessity imply "moral and physical degradation." Nor is it always the landlord's fault that the life of the tenant is spent in such a semi-civilised fashion.

The giant strides made by education within the last half century have done much to bring about a better state of things. Many a locality where, in the



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POTATO-BOILING.

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## SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

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sixties, no well-built cottage could be found, has now a flourishing community whose comfortable homes and gay gardens proclaim the taste and industry of its inhabitants. That there still remain in the wilds of Scotland and Ireland "black houses" as described in the *Contemporary Review* is undeniable; the writer has seen, within the last few years, both in the West of Ireland and on the West Coast of Skye, dwellings unfit for human beings in which exist large families with most of their livestock. But year by year they grow scarcer as education penetrates to these children of the soil who, though generally able to understand English, speak their native dialects among themselves. Again, "The Crofter Problem" has become a prominent theme for wise men to ponder over, and it is to be hoped some lasting benefit to the small holders of land will ensue from all their cogitations, and that satisfactory answers may be found to the many vexed questions of the present day. Education, apart from its scholastic side, is sometimes to be deplored, as it tends to obliterate the landmarks

of the past and to sweep before its advancing footsteps many a picturesque relic of our forefathers. As a case in point, we must lament over the preference shown by the educated housewife (though admitting such preference to be not without reason) for the ugly black stove that, in Scottish villages, is rapidly forcing its way into the wide-open fireplace. Taking, for example, one neighbourhood, that of Stuartfield in North Aberdeenshire; not very many years ago the stove was almost unknown to its inhabitants, yet now few of the crofter's houses retain the grateless

hearth. These, too, will soon be but a memory, with their attendant "swayes," or "gallows-trees," from which depend the "jumping-ropes"—chains that can be lengthened or shortened at will—terminating in hooks that support the huge pots containing "kail brose," a mixture of cabbage, oatmeal and milk, which, set to stew over the fires, await the men's return to dinner. At tea-time the pot gives place to a girdle for cooking delicious scones and oatcakes.

Our illustrations, all taken in this locality, give some idea of the crofter's fireside; delightfully antiquated they seem, but antiquity and delight go not always hand-in-hand, especially on



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## THE OPEN HEARTH.

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a winter's night when, above the ice-bound world outside, clouds gather darkly, chasing each other in a swift race across the sky, while the moaning of the wind in the tree-tops harbingers a storm. Nearer and louder grows the tumult until it develops into a yelling, shrieking fiend that threatens destruction

to all within its reach. It shakes the door for admittance and batters against the window-pane; it catches the column of ascending smoke, and, twisting it in its grasp, carries it back down the wide chimney, accompanying it to its very source, scattering sparks and embers over the flagged floor. "The flam (wind) cam doon the lum (chimney) and there's a bit reek (smoke) I'm thinkin'," is the crofter's excuse to a belated wayfarer who, seeking shelter from the hurricane, finds himself choked and suffocated in an atmosphere unbearable to the uninitiated.



Mrs. Deives Broughton.

## MODERN STOVE AND ANCIENT "DEACE."

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## THE CROFTER'S CHEESE-PRESS.

The crofter needs the thick walls of roughly-hewn granite, of which his house is built, and the heavily-thatched roof above his head, to keep him warm during the bitter nights of winter. He protects himself from all draughts by sleeping in a cupboard bed, whose sliding doors can be tightly closed, shutting him in as in a box; his mattress is a bag of chaff, refilled about twice a year; he saves the wool from his own sheep and has it either woven at home, or, as is more generally the case nowadays, takes it to the local steam-mill (a modern innovation) where it is made into blankets. More than a hundred years ago every house in Stuartfield had its loom, the women busied themselves in weaving winsey, also linen, for flax was then grown in the neighbourhood; a lint mill existed, but these have now disappeared. The bell that called the weavers to their work still remains, a conspicuous object, in the village street, and up to a few years ago it was regularly rung at 9 a.m. and at curfew at 8 p.m., but a striking clock on the recently-erected Town Hall has put to silence this timekeeper of the past. The old flour mill has lost much of its importance, its trade being monopolised by the quicker working steam mills that have become so numerous. It ekes out a living by the baking of oats and their subsequent coarse grinding, to be used for making oatcakes and porridge; but these foods are no longer the staple commodity at the crofter's board, baker's bread and tea having become popular, to the detriment of the bairns, who are not so wholesomely fed as heretofore. The crofter's living-room, or kitchen, is often very fully furnished. Besides the cupboard-bed, which, like a wooden partition, fills one side, there are tables, chairs, dressers showing a brave array of crockery, and, by the fireside, a "dece." This wooden settle, time-honoured by reason of its descent through many generations, shows its great age in decrepitude of leg caused by years of contact with a stone floor. Its table attachment does not always survive. The latter is a curious contrivance hinged to the centre of the back, which, when not in use, is raised and secured in its place by a thumb-screw; if required as a table it is lowered, when an iron upright, falling into a groove in the seat, gives it support and keeps it level. One of the best specimens of a decee that has come to the notice of the writer is here illustrated. In the same picture may be seen the reformed fireplace with its blackened stove; another new fashion is also obtrusively noticeable, namely, papered walls, a striking and not always pleasing contrast to the whitewashed room of former days. On top of the cupboard are ranged a row of cheeses to ripen for home consumption. They are made out of

skim milk curdled with rennet; this mixture is wrapped in muslin and put into a round tub with wooden top, then placed beneath the "cheese-pressie," the weight of whose granite block, screwed down tighter every day, forces all liquid from the cheese.

In the agricultural district around Stuartfield the "beasts" (turnip-fed all winter) are reared for the London Christmas market, where the highest price is given for the celebrated Aberdeenshire beef. Tending his stock, tilling his fields, a prey to uncertain harvests and inclement weather, the crofter's life is no idle one; but it has its compensations—his own fireside holds warmth and comfort for his tired frame when his day's work is over.

E. BROUGHTON.

## LEATHERY TURTLE FROM THE WELSH COAST.

TURTLES appear on the list of British animals as accidental visitors only, and the capture on our coast of a huge specimen of the leathery turtle (*Dermochelys coriacea*) is an event of great interest from its rarity.

In the summer of 1756 two specimens were caught in mackerel nets off the coast of Cornwall. A third, which is still preserved in the Natural History Museum, was caught on the coast of Dorsetshire a little later, while a fourth is recorded from Bridlington Bay, Yorkshire, October, 1871. We may now add a fifth to the list. This was captured on June 18th of this year off Pwllheli, North Wales, by fishermen, and towed alive into harbour, the strange sight being witnessed by hundreds of people. This turtle, a female, which measured 7ft. in a straight line, was sent in the flesh to the Natural History Museum and is now being prepared as a skeleton. I had it photographed on its arrival, and the photographs of the entire animal and of its head with open mouth are here reproduced.

The circumstances under which the capture was effected are as follows: The seaport of Pwllheli, Cardigan Bay, has recently been reconstructed, extensive alterations and improvements having been carried out, whereby the formerly large harbour has been formed into two sections, respectively denominated the inner and outer harbours. At the mouth of the harbour stands a conical rock known as the "Gimblet," in the vicinity of which there exists a natural cove, forming an anchorage for the fishing fleet which contributes to the industry of the borough, known as "Tocyn Brwyn." It was in the neighbourhood of this cove, on June 18th last, that one of the local fishermen beheld a strange-looking monster basking in the sun at about 11.30 in the morning. He, naturally curious, immediately gave chase; but the monster managed to elude his pursuer and to find temporary safety in the water, which gradually deepens at this spot. Nothing daunted, however, several gallant fishermen immediately followed in the wake of their prey, at the same time taking care that no opportunity should be afforded it to escape to the open sea. Finally they succeeded in driving it to the inner harbour, which extends over an area approaching half a mile square, with an island recently formed about its centre. After considerable difficulty and careful manoeuvring, a lasso was successfully secured around the head and huge flippers of the turtle, and then the tug-of-war began.



HEAD OF LEATHERY TURTLE.

The lasso rope was secured to four row-boats, each containing three men, and the victim, finding itself in durance vile, made frantic efforts to escape, with the result that the four boats and men were treated to an unexpected tow round and round the inner harbour in a manner which would have done credit to a high-power motor. Perceiving that the monster showed no signs of fatigue, it was with considerable difficulty made fast to an



anchored buoy, and the way in which it disported itself, plainly showing its enormous proportions, was a sight to be remembered, and naturally drew hundreds of spectators from far and near to witness the unprecedented spectacle.

In the toils of captivity it drew the heavy buoy completely under water, and then appeared on the surface, enabling an enthusiastic local photographer to obtain excellent photographs of the reptile in its varying moods and struggles. It kept itself engaged in wonderful evolutions for over an hour, alternately showing its comparatively small head in contrast to the ample proportions of its broad, leathery back. Finally, it was towed to the shore and successfully landed on the slipway amid considerable excitement and to the wonderment of the assembled crowd of spectators, who flocked to catch a glimpse of the Herculean visitor so unexpectedly thrust upon their wonted quietude. The whole proceedings in connection with the capture took over four hours. Of course, its ultimate destination was a matter of considerable conjecture; but after some preliminaries (which evidently proved satisfactory) it was acquired locally and transferred on a large lorry to a yard in the centre of the town, where it was exhibited for three days, being an object of interest and amazement to all. It is estimated that thousands of spectators from far and near availed themselves of the opportunity.

The leathery turtle differs widely from all other turtles and tortoises in this very striking respect, that its vertebræ and ribs are quite free from the ossifications which constitute the shell, or carapace (upper buckler) and plastron (lower buckler), which are here reduced to a mosaic-like assemblage of innumerable small bony shields covered by a leathery integument instead of the large symmetrical horny scutes (so-called tortoiseshell) which are characteristic of typical Chelonians. In the latter the bones that constitute the carapace are confluent with the vertebræ and ribs. It is believed, in the light of the evolutionary theory, that the original condition out of which a tortoise or turtle was evolved approximated to that exemplified by the existing leathery turtle,

and that the dermal ossifications became gradually fused with the bones of the internal skeleton, and the animal has therefore been regarded as an archaic type. On the other hand, it may be that, although thus resembling the original condition, the leathery turtle represented only a case of reversion, in which the carapace became reduced as useless to a pelagic animal. Be this as it may, *Dermochelys* holds an unique position in the system and well deserves to rank as the type of a distinct suborder, which has been termed *Atheca*.

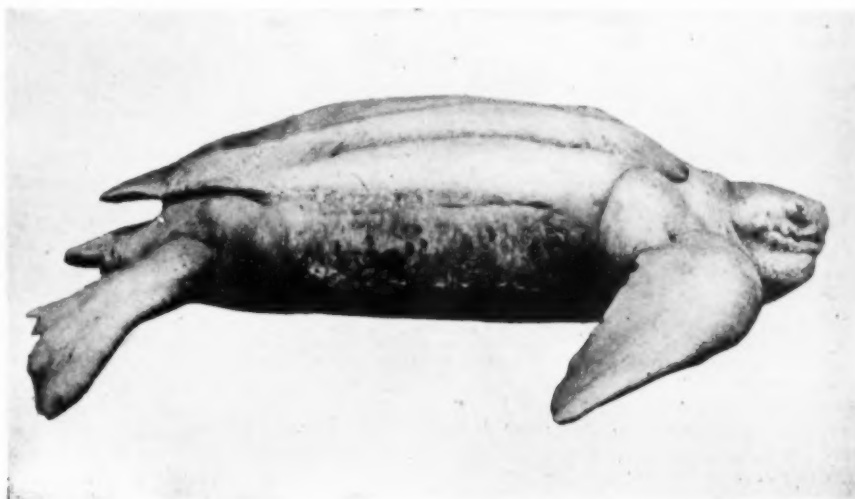
As this photograph shows, the limbs, especially the fore pair, are powerful flippers, devoid of scales and of claws. The carapace, which bears longitudinal ridges, is covered by a thin skin, while on the ventral surface no ossifications can be felt under the much thicker integument. The eye is small and its opening very oblique, nearly vertical, the thick lids moving sideways. The tail is short and strongly compressed, quite detached from the produced, pointed posterior part of the dorsal buckler. The figure of the head, with open mouth, shows the two sharp cusps

of the upper jaw and the single, spine-like cusp of the lower. The mucous membrane of the mouth is beset with spine-like papillæ capped with a horny sheath. The turtle was of a dark, slaty grey, uniform above; the lower surface, the sides of the neck and the inner surfaces of the limbs were covered with numerous small, whitish, or rather flesh-coloured spots. The pupil of the eye is round and black and the iris dark brown.

The leathery turtle is a pelagic animal, of world-wide distribution. According to Louis Agassiz, it used

to be seen at all seasons about the Bahamas, but, so far as I can ascertain, it is now very rare there as elsewhere. Specimens have been obtained in the Mediterranean, on the West Coast of Brittany, on the coast of Brazil, at the Cape of Good Hope, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, on the coasts of India and Burma, in Japan, on the coasts of Australia and New Zealand and on the coast of Chili, but always either in single examples, or, exceptionally, in pairs.

G. A. BOULENGER.



LEATHERY TURTLE CAUGHT OFF PULLHELI.

## BIG ROSE AND LITTLE ROSE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

ROSE TUFNELL was certainly a very handsome girl, tall and broad-shouldered, with dark hair and eyes and a clear pink and white complexion which never seemed to tan or freckle. Her world was bounded by the green downs and many-tinted woods of her native Dorset, and the little drama in which she played her part was purely bucolic. Mr. Tufnell was a dairy-farmer on a small scale, renting his cows from a richer neighbour, but prosperous in his way. He and his wife and only daughter lived in a beautiful old stone house, with mullioned windows and a gabled roof of irregular tiles, once red, but now stained by the weather every imaginable colour from primrose to iron-grey, with here and there patches of exquisite orange and green. There was a big attic where the cheeses ripened, and downstairs, besides the dairy proper, there were various quaint and roomy chambers where the cheeses were made and pressed, where the bacon was salted and dried, a big kitchen which was never used, a parlour cold and gloomy and chiefly serving as a receptacle for the family wardrobe, and, between the two, the living-room, partaking in some measure of the furniture of both, for though cooking operations were carried on here, no one would have detected the fact once midday was passed, and the apartment, with its polished furniture and linoleum-covered floor, conveyed an idea of ease and leisure.

Mrs. Tufnell and Rose did all the work indoors. Both were strong, healthy and extremely active, and Rose's Sunday finery was earned by strenuous exertions during the week. Mr. Tufnell frequently commented on this fact, pointing a moral by announcing

that if he had to pay a hired maid there wouldn't be so many dubs to spare for Rose's fal-lals. Out of doors, besides the farmer and Benjamin Durden, his head-man, there were two dairy chaps, admirers of Rose, as were indeed most of the youthful males in the neighbourhood. She favoured all alike, though people said that she cherished a secret preference for Benjamin Durden.

This pleasant state of affairs was unexpectedly put an end to by Little Rose's advent, brought about by an untoward accident which befel Mrs. Tufnell. Coming out of the cheese-room very early one morning, staggering under the weight of a large "Ha' skim," that good woman missed her footing and fell down a whole flight of stairs, sustaining a bad compound fracture of the leg. Such an accident happening at a busy time of year was not only distressing, but extremely inconvenient, and as soon as the first alarm had subsided the farmer and his wife began seriously to discuss the question of "help." To both the thrifty bodies the idea of "paying out wage" was equally intolerable, and, moreover, as shrewd Mrs. Tufnell pointed out, it wouldn't be such a very good thing for their Rose to get into "missussy ways."

"She do arder about the men-folks as 'tis, but that be naitral. But once put a servant-maid under her, an' she'll be stickin' out for keepin' her on."

"True," agreed the farmer, thoughtfully; "true. The maid's a spiry maid, and a bit too masterful a'ready. 'Twouldn't do at all to let her get set up above herself."

"So I were thinkin'," pursued Mrs. Tufnell, "my cousin Jane's eldest da'ter mid very well come here for a bit to lend a



hand. She must be eighteen or nineteen now. I'm her god-mother—she's named after me, ye know. I should think Jane would be very glad to spare her. 'Twould be a nice change for her to come here, after livin' in a town like Salisbury, and we could maybe make her a little present at the end of the time. 'Twouldn't be like paying out money week by week, and she an' Rose 'ud be equals, an' 'ud have to work together that way."

"'Tis a very good notion," agreed her husband, heartily. "I should think Rose 'ud take to it. The other maid'll be company for her."

Rose approved of the idea, and welcomed her namesake most graciously on the day of her arrival. She was clad in a speckled blue and white print that was somehow suggestive of a pinafore; she had a round pink and white face with soft chubby cheeks and dimples, and large, guileless blue eyes, and the fluffy curls of fair hair seemed to convey an additional air of childishness. When Little Rose rolled up her sleeves she disclosed plump arms, dimpled at the elbows; there were dimples too at the knuckles, and little nicks at the wrists.

"I'll tell 'ee summat," cried Big Rose, with a laugh. "'Tis my belief ye did ought to be in the Infant School yet! Ye do look as if ye'd never done a day's work in your life!"

"I've a-done plenty of days' works," replied Little Rose, turning her mild eyes upon her. "Mother says I be a very good worker."

"Well, then, let's see what you can do here," rejoined her cousin. "The things is in an awful mess in there. I haven't had time to see to 'em, and 'tis cheese marnin' to-morrow."

Little Rose peered into the cheese-making room without speaking, and immediately began to pin back her skirt, and to tie on the coarse canvas apron that she had brought down rolled up under her arm. Her sturdy little boots were heard hammering about from the yard to the kitchen, as she collected pail and water, and presently a steady, resolute sound of scrubbing almost drowned Big Rose's voice as she sang over the skimming of the cream.

By and by the men came in from milking, and Little Rose heard the scraping of their feet outside the dairy door and the clink of their pails as they set them down; then her cousin's voice, sharp and clear; "I can't attend to 'ee for a minute or two. I d' 'low ye think the whole world do belong to 'ee, Tom Meadow, an' what you want must be done afore what anybody else wants."

"I did but ax if I mid empty my pail so as I could get on wi' my work," came the man's answer.

"Well, tip it over into that lead yonder, and off wi' ye. I'll be glad to be rid o' ye."

"Haw, haw! Tom do seem to ha' got wrong side of 'ee to-day," exclaimed another man. "There, empty your pail and march, Tom. I'm anxious to see if Rose'll treat me a bit better."

"Rose, indeed! Such impidence! Ye mid say Miss Tufnell, I think."

This remark emanated from the damsel herself, and was delivered with great asperity.

"That's right, teach him to be more respectful-like. 'Tis Sam as do seem to think the world do belong to he, not me, Miss Tufnell. I'm sure I be the humblest mortal alive!"

"Ye'd better be," rejoined Big Rose, with a giggle.

The heavy feet clumped away, and big Rose, coming to the cheese-room door, glanced down at her namesake, who was squatting back on her heels, soaping her brush with a thoughtful expression.

"Ye heerd me givin' it to them impident chaps, didn't ye?" she enquired, with a laugh and a conscious look.

"E'es, I did," said Little Rose, fixing her with her limpid gaze.

"My dear, that's the way to manage 'em. I'd never ha' no peace if I didn't keep the chaps i' their place. There's three of 'em works here, and such a lot o' silly fellows i' the village as 'ud be always botherin' me if I didn't make 'em keep their distance."

"Oh," said Little Rose. "All the boys i' the place is after ye, then?"

Big Rose tossed her head and giggled again.

"Well, I think I mid say so without tellin' ye a lie," she admitted. "Did ye think I sounded crool just now?" she added, smiling broadly. "Was ye surprised?"

"I d' 'low I was surprised," rejoined her cousin. "Mother do allus tell I 'tis best to be civil to folks, and more particular to men-folk."

"Ah, well," commented Big Rose, turning away with a superior air and, nevertheless, a regretful sigh. "'Tis well to be civil unless ye be forced to act different. . . . Tea'll be ready in a quarter of an hour."

"I'll ha' finished by then," said Little Rose, falling to her scrubbing with renewed vigour.

She had, indeed, concluded her task some few minutes before the appointed hour, and having pulled down her sleeves and

removed her apron, entered the living-room, bearing no traces of her recent exertions, except a heightened colour and slightly ruffled hair.

The table was spread, and Mr. Tufnell himself and Benjamin Durden had just entered. Little Rose, after greeting the farmer, glanced enquiringly at the younger man.

"That's Benjamin Durden," observed the farmer. "He's my head dairy-chap, an' he do live here, along o' his home bein' so far away."

Big Rose set the teapot on the table with a bustling air and, turning to Ben, remarked that she thought he mid ha' made himself useful for once an' set the chairs.

"I hope you washed your hands," she added, sharply.

Ben gazed at her in surprise; she did not often speak to him in this tone, having, indeed, put on a greater assumption of authority than usual for Little Rose's benefit, for she had been much flattered by observing how much her recent attitude had impressed the younger girl.

After a pause he looked downwards at his hands, and informed her that he had been at the pump; adding, in a sulky undertone, that indeed his black was regular burnt in an' wouldn't come off.

"Well, sit down over yonder, then, an' don't let me see no more of ye than I can help," rejoined the young woman.

Benjamin flushed a deep red, and sat down at the further end of the table, in the place that she had pointed out. Little Rose, seated opposite, timidly pushed the bread-plate towards him, and looking up, he met the compassionate gaze of her soft eyes, and immediately scowled and helped himself without a word of thanks. If his own charmer flouted him he was not to be consoled by the pity of this newcomer. Nevertheless, Little Rose was not to be baffled in her kind intent, and, turning towards Farmer Tufnell, observed with a laugh that it was strange how powerful the sun did seem to catch one in the country. "I reckon I shall soon be so brown as Mr. Durden," she added, smiling.

But as her second overture met with no better response than the first, the little maid desisted from all attempts to draw out Mr. Benjamin. She met with better success, however, when the other two men came in after tea to put away their cans in the milk-house. It chanced that Tom tipped over two or three skimmers and butter boards, which Little Rose had just scalded and set on one side. They fell on the floor, and as she stooped hastily to pick them up, the lad, who was gallant by nature, and moreover in haste to make atonement, stooped likewise and their heads knocked together.

"I hope I haven't hurt ye, Miss," said Tom.

"Not a bit," returned she; "my head be pretty hard an' I've a good bit o' thatch o' top."

"Somethin' like thatch, but more vallyable," commented Tom, with his most complimentary air. "I'll go warrant 'tisn't often thatch be made o' gold."

"There, that be nonsense-talk!" exclaimed Little Rose. "My mother do say my hair be a ter'ble ugly colour. She's got the most beautiful hair herself, mother has. It be so black as jet an' so thick as anything."

"I never did hear," observed Tom, propping himself in a leisurely fashion against the shelf, "as jet were so vallyable or so 'andsome as gold."

Just then Big Rose came bustling in. "What be doin' here, Tom? Have 'ee sarved pigs? Well, Rose, an' haven't ye finished scalding those few little things?"

"I'll ha' done in a minute," rejoined the other girl. "What must I do next?"

Tom took his elbow off the shelf and went away somewhat sulkily to attend to the pigs. He felt grateful to Little Rose for not revealing the fact that owing to his awkwardness she had been obliged to perform her task a second time.

"There's a pail half full o' butter-milk here," called out Little Rose, presently. She herself was continuing her tidying operations, though her cousin had retired to the living-room.

"That stupid Tom have a-gone an' left it behind, then. The pigs did ought to have it mixed wi' the meal."

"Well, I'll run out wi't, if that's all," cried the accommodating little newcomer. "'Tisn't so very much trouble."

She caught up the pail and ran out, arriving at the pigsty just as Tom, having satisfied its clamorous occupants, was leaving the yard.

"You forgot this," she cried, swinging the tin pail.

"Well I'm dalled! So I have! Bother, I thought I'd done for this evening."

"Never mind, I'll pour it into the trough," she called out, gaily, and in another moment had unlatched the rusty gate and picked her way daintily across the sty. Tom laughed as he saw her gather up her skirts with one hand, and with the other shake the rim of her pail against the intrusive snout of one of the pigs. She was laughing, too, when, having emptied the pail in question and carefully latched the gate, she joined him in the yard.

"I thought you were in such a hurry to go home-along," she observed.

"I bain't in such a hurry now you've come out," returned he.

"Oh, but I can't stay. There's a lot to be done indoors."

"But ye must take a bit of a rest sometimes. Have ye had a look round out here yet? Ye did ought to come an' have a look at the archard. 'Tis a pretty sight now when all the blosom be out."

"Well, I mid just run round there, but don't you take the trouble to come wi' me."

"'Tisn't no trouble—'tis a pleasure," rejoined Tom, with an ingratiating smile.

Little Rose rolled up her bare arms in her apron, for as she intended to be out such a short time it was not worth while to jerk down her sleeves, and Tom and she paced side by side through the dewy grass that was already long and deeply green. The trees were heavy with blossom, and Rose threw back her head, sniffing with ecstasy the delicate perfume. The sun had set some time, but a faint afterglow still lingered, and through the gnarled branches she could see a few stars twinkling overhead.

"It be pretty—jist about!" she cried. "'Twill be nice to slip out here for a breath o' fresh air now an' then."

"Do ye think ye'll be like to slip out about this time pretty often?" enquired Tom, with his head on one side.

"I don't know. It depends how much there is to do indoors. Why?"

"Oh, nothin'. I was only thinkin' I mid like a breath o' fresh air too, at about the same time."

"The air is free," quoth Little Rose, catching up her empty pail and turning to leave the orchard.

On the following day Mrs. Tufnell was somewhat annoyed by her young cousin expressing a wish to run up as far as the town after tea. Though it was rather soon for her to be looking for a holiday, Mrs. Tufnell was obliged to consent, as the girl explained she was in want of a few oddments before Sunday. Great was the missus's indignation, however, when eight o'clock came and Little Rose had not returned. Big Rose, who had stepped out for a breath of air just then, was surprised to find Tom wandering about the orchard, and though he announced, in an aggrieved tone, that he was "only lookin' for birds' nests," she was none the less astonished and indignant.

"Sich a thing to come creepin' back to the place on the sly," she cried. "I don't know what's come to everyone to-day. There's my cousin never come back from town yet, an' sich a deal to be done. She do seem to think she've come to live here for pleasure an' nothin' else."

"Oh, she be gone to town, be she?" growled Tom.

He slouched out of the orchard without waiting for an answer, and Rose returned to the house much put out. It was not like Tom to be sulky and indisposed for conversation, and what could he have been doing in the orchard? Of course, it was nonsense to talk of birds'-nesting! Was it possible that little hussy?—no, no, that was out of the question. She didn't seem much more than a child, and as simple. The little innocent did not see fit to return until two hours later, and appeared utterly dumfounded at her cousin's reproaches.

"Why, 'tis but jist gone ten," she announced. "Mother be always quite satisfied if I do come in at ten."

"That may be all very well for a town, my dear, where there be lamps an' sich; but I'll not have no maid comin' back to my house at this time o' night. I wonder you weren't frightened to death trampin' that lonely road at ten o'clock all by yourself."

"Please, ye, Cousin, I wasn't by myself. Sam was with me."

"Sam! What Sam?"

"Sam what works here—I don't know his other name."

"Well, I'm sure; I never heard sich a thing! I'll let Master Sam know summat. What was ye doin' trapsin' about wi' he at this time o' night?"

"Well, arter I done my shoppin'," returned Little Rose, lifting guileless eyes, "we went to a place where there was dancin' goin' on. It did seem to be a very nice place, and I did take off my jacket so as not to ketch cold when I comed out." She made this last announcement in a mildly triumphant tone, as though testifying to her own discretion and prudence.

Mrs. Tufnell raised herself in bed with so much energy as well-nigh to endanger the safety of her damaged limb. "Upon my word," she cried, "if ye was my maid I'd box your ears for ye, ye wicked little hussy! That's not a fit place for you nor any respectable maid to be seen at, an' I've a good mind to make my 'usband pack Sam off about his business for this. There, I wonder ye can look me i' the face. I don't know but what I'll send ye straight off back to your mother!"

Large round baby tears rolled down Little Rose's pink cheeks. "I didn't know 'twas any harm," she gasped. "How could I know 'twas any harm? I didn't think a respectable man like Sam 'ud take me to a place as wasn't fit for me."

"Well, ye know now," returned Mrs. Tufnell, slightly mollified. "An' don't you go for to play any such tricks again. No maid as I have anything to say to stops out after dark. An' if ye'll take my advice ye'll not go pickin' up wi' the first man ye come across."

"'Twas along of his workin' here," protested Little Rose, tearfully. "'Twasn't same as if he was a stranger."

Big Rose said nothing, but her dark eyes shot fire, and her thoughts reverted to Tom's sulky face and the manner in which he had marched out of the orchard on hearing that her cousin had gone to the town.

"Two of 'em, an' she's only been here two days," she reflected as she left the room.

On Sunday morning Little Rose came down dressed in a neat gown of cornflower blue, and with her round cheeks looking pinker than ever, partly as a result of her hastily completed toilet operations, and partly by reason of the juxtaposition of the pink artificial roses in her white straw hat, and of the little posy of early china rosebuds in her dress. She had on a pair of very shiny, squeaky new boots, and looked pretty enough to justify the admiring glance of Tom, who was lingering about the yard. Little Rose's curling lashes almost swept her cheeks as she passed him, however, and she quickened her pace in obedience to a petulant mandate from her cousin.

"I thought you was never going to be ready. My goodness, 'tisn't as if ye'd so many fal-lals to put on!" And Big Rose shook out her flounces and tucked in a fluttering ribbon with a satisfaction that swallowed up her transitory ill-humour.

Benjamin Durden chanced to be waiting near the gate, and with his usual solemn air fell into step with her, whereupon she handed him her Prayer-book to carry with a coquettish air. Tom, who had followed at a short distance, immediately hastened forward, volunteering to take charge of Little Rose's. The party had not proceeded very far before they encountered Sam, who was leaning against a gate chewing a straw, in reflective Sabbath fashion.

"Aren't ye goin' to church?" enquired Little Rose, pausing.

"The evenin's my time," said Sam, "though I don't say as I cares to go every Sunday, wi'out 'tis made worth my while," and he shot a meaning glance under the hat with the pink roses.

"Let the maid be so good as she mid," interposed Tom, "I reckon she'll not ha' no great fancy for goin' twice."

"The maid can answer for herself," returned Sam, roughly. "Turn about's fair play. Ye've had your innin's this mornin'. She'll gie me a chance this afternoon, I should think."

"Was ye talkin' o' me?" said Little Rose, much surprised. "I don't know if I can get out again, but I take it very kind o' ye."

And with that she hastened on, leaving Sam enraptured by her smiling gratitude, while Tom was mollified by the fact that she had not committed herself by any definite promise. Subsequent events, however, somewhat marred his satisfaction. Many curious glances were directed after service towards Little Rose as she made her way daintily down the steps, and ran the gauntlet of the group of young men who lingered outside the lych-gate, with entire simplicity and unconsciousness. When she dropped her posy it was eagerly scrambled for, and she thanked the youth who recovered it and returned it to her, with the sweetest smile and blush imaginable. Big Rose, who had lingered in the porch to answer sundry enquiries anent her mother's health, was astonished and somewhat disconcerted to observe that the heads which were usually craned in expectancy of her own advent, were now bent forward to watch the departing form of her little cousin.

"What be all a-gawkin' at?" she enquired, with some asperity, as she passed through the lych-gate. "Well, Bob Hunt, there you be, always in the road as usual. I never did see sich a chap for gettin' where you bain't wanted."

She accompanied this speech with a smile and an arch glance, both of which, however, failed to reach their destined recipient, whose eyes were still riveted on the little blue-clad form.

"What be lookin' at?" she repeated, this time with real sharpness.

"The vittiest sight what has been see'd here for many a long day," retorted the young man, moving sulkily aside. It was he who had picked up the nosegay, and his mind was still full of the memory of Little Rose's smile. Now Bob Hunt had been one of Miss Tufnell's admirers, and the retort hurt her more than she would have cared to own. She stepped past him, holding her head very high and biting her lip. Everyone was deserting her. She had considered Dick Cross her own property, and it had been her boast that she had but to lift her finger to make Bob Hunt do what she would, and now they both, it seemed, had forsworn their allegiance. The thing seemed inconceivable! Yonder was that little chit who had but just left off sucking her thumb—so she indignantly told herself—tripping homewards among a bevy of swains, while she, Rose Tufnell, the acknowledged beauty and queen of the place, was deserted by all save Benjamin Durden. One would have thought that such reflections would have caused Miss Tufnell's heart to soften towards her one faithful lover; but, on the contrary, the glance she at length flung at the silent, sunburnt, rather grim-looking fellow contained the concentrated indignation she was unable to pour forth on the recreant ones.



"Well, I'm sure," she exclaimed, "it would hearten anybody up to listen to your chatter, Ben."

Ben gazed at her, uncertain for a moment whether she spoke in earnest or not, but observing the sneer upon her face he stood still. "If ye be a-goin' to twite me for nothin', I'll take myself off," he cried, with some heat. "You an' me has had words about this afore now. When I've a-got summat to say I d' say it, an' when I haven't I d' keep my mouth shut. It do seem to I there's sense in that."

At the same moment the breeze wafted to them the jesting voices of Little Rose's escort, accompanied by a trill of laughter from the girl herself. "Other folks seems to find plenty to say, even to a little wench what can scarcely understand them," said Rose Tufnell, bitterly.

"Perhaps little maids sometimes make themselves pleasanter nor big maids," retorted Ben, an ominous red mounting slowly beneath his tan.

"Best be off an' join her, then," cried Rose. "I can do wi'out ye very well, Mr. Durden. You're not such agreeable company that I can't spare ye."

Ben looked at her fixedly for a moment, and then, drawing her Prayer-book from under his arm, he dusted it carefully on his trouser leg and ceremoniously handed it back to her; then, thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, he walked away without a word. Rose gazed after him in absolute dismay. He was actually taking her at her word—even Ben, her own Ben, whom she had flouted dozens of times, whom she had regarded as her absolute slave, deeming it impossible to alienate his affections by any harshness or coldness—there he was walking off without so much as a backward turn of the head, to swell the triumph of her rival.

"The sly, artful, wicked little maid," groaned poor Big Rose to herself; "it's her what's done it all wi' her smiles an' her soft looks, an' her flatterin' words, settin' the chaps up till their heads are fair turned. I suppose they'll never look at a maid now as doesn't make up to 'em—an' that I'll never do—never—not for all the Ben Durdens in the world." As the familiar name recurred to her a great sob rose in her throat and a tear splashed down on her open-work silk glove.

As the days passed Big Rose grew more doleful, Ben Durden, with whom she never now exchanged a word, more resentful, while Little Rose remained, as ever, blythe and light-hearted.

It was on Thursday—market day—that the cup of anguish of the dethroned queen overflowed. Coming home rather late after accomplishing an errand for her mother, the milk-cart driven by Ben Durden rattled past her, and as, according to her recent custom, she averted her head to avoid acknowledging him, she was gaily hailed by the voice of Little Rose.

"Wouldn't 'ee like a ride, too, Cousin? I d' 'low us could make room."

"Well, it's pretty likely you could if I wanted to," retorted Big Rose, "seem' it's our cart. I fancy my father wouldn't be best pleased, Durden, if he was to find ye wastin' your time givin' lifts to folks."

Ben jerked the reins without response, and the pony, quickening his pace, speedily whisked the jingling vehicle out of sight.

Rose went plodding along in the dust with her heart bitter and sore within her, and on reaching home would have rushed at once upstairs had not her namesake waylaid her.

"Ye'll not tell o' poor Ben, will 'ee? I don't know why ye d' seem so cross. I d' 'low there bain't much harm in his jist givin' I a lift. I'm sure ye wouldn't like to get poor Ben into trouble."

"Poor Ben, indeed!" ejaculated Big Rose. "I'd like to know what poor Ben is to you, ye little, sly, treacherous thing. What have you to do wi' Ben? He never gave a thought to no one but I, afore ye come."

"An' he wouldn't give a thought to no one but you now," said Little Rose, "if ye wouldn't go for to snap his nose off. You do hurt the poor chap's feelin's so bad."

"Nobody never thought nothin' about feelin's afore you come," cried the other; "they did all use to laugh when I talked a bit sharp, an' Ben did use to say he liked I the better for it. But *you* do make out to be all made o' sugar, an' I d' 'low they look for I to be the same. Not that I be jealous," she continued, with a quavering voice. "You'd be welcome to 'em all if ye'd kep' your hands off Ben Durden—him an' me was sweethearts for years an' years—since I was a little maid goin' to school, and him jist odd boy about the place. An' now you must come an' set your cap at en."

"Me set my cap!" ejaculated Little Rose, in great surprise and indignation. "I've no need to set my cap at anybody. I've a-got a sweetheart o' my own at Salisbury."

"What!" exclaimed her cousin, her astonishment seeming to arrest the tears that hung upon her lashes.

"I do say I've a-got a sweetheart o' my own," repeated Little Rose. "He be a very respectable young man, an' he doin' very well at carpenterin', but Mother thinks we'd best wait a year or so afore we set up house."

"Well!" ejaculated Big Rose, who was constrained to prop herself against the table. "Well, to think o' that! An' you keepin' it all to yourself an' carryin' on that barefaced with every man inside the place an' out of it. Well, if I was to say all as I do think—" But what Rose thought never transpired, for an odd expression on her cousin's face caught her attention, and following the direction of her eyes, she descried the stalwart form of Mr. Benjamin Durden standing apparently transfixed in the doorway. She stared at him aghast, blushing as in all her life she had never blushed before, at the thought that he might possibly have overheard the recent colloquy. Little Rose, however, ran towards him: "Since it's me what's made the mischief, it's me as must put it right," she cried. "Now then, Mr. Durden, can't ye find your tongue? Here's my Cousin Rose cryin' her eyes out along o' wantin' to be friends wi' ye." She pushed past him with a laugh and disappeared.

Ben set down the pails which he had been carrying and came into the room. "Be that true, my maid?" he asked; there was a smile upon his face.

Big Rose got off the table, dashing the tears from her eyes. "This is the first word ye've spoke to me for days an' days," she cried, "an' since ye've spoke it at the biddin' o' yon little witch, I don't care to hear it, Benjamin Durden. Ye've been a deal taken up with her, but I'm afraid you're too late in the field. She've got a young man of her own, an' looks to get married in a year or so. If ye'd come here two or three minutes sooner, ye'd ha' heard her talk about that."

She was fast recovering her self-possession, and was determined to carry matters off with a high hand. But Ben, who was accustomed to smile rarely, continued to smile now in a way that was disconcerting.

"I heard," he rejoined. "I came soon enough for that."

Rose bent hastily over the hearth to hide her crimson face, but he followed her.

"I heard more nor that," he observed.

Rose straightened herself: "I can't help it if ye've been spyin' an' listenin'!" she cried, indignantly, "but if ye say another word to me about it, I'll box your ears."

"Do, my maid," he cried, chuckling ecstatically. "I'm quite willin'—ye may box my ears, or pull my hair, or do any mortal thing ye like—I'll never misdoubt ye again."

And somehow or other, though the impudent fellow followed up this declaration by a bold demonstration of satisfaction and affection, Big Rose inflicted on him no manner of chastisement.

"I do like ye to be a bit of a spitfire, my dear," he announced, presently. "You'm quite right. But the one thing I couldn't a-bear was your seemin' to make little of me afore yon strange little maid."

"She be a strange little maid, sure enough," returned his sweetheart with a laugh. "But there, I be upsides wi' her now!"

"Well, I'll allus feel grateful to her," said Ben, reflectively—"not as I fancy too much honey—it do turn a man's stomach after a time, and I don't say as I'd like to change places with her young man, for it do seem to I she be a bit flighty in her ways; but there, I'll allus say a good word for her—'twas she as taught ye to vally me."

## IN THE GARDEN.

### CEANOTHUSES AND OTHER SHRUBS.

A BEAUTIFUL family of shrubs consists of the Ceanothuses, and the best-known kind is *C. azureus*, which is represented in our illustration from a photograph sent by Colonel H. Moore, Minehead, Somerset. This is one of the finest specimens of our acquaintance; it is 14ft. long and only five years old, showing that, under favourable conditions, the growth is quick and strong. I well remember a house front in a suburban garden near London covered with the thick growth and pretty blue flower-clusters of *C. azureus*, and in spring, when the shrub was at the height of its beauty, the mass of blue produced an unusual colour-picture. It is a mistake to restrict the selection of shrubs to a few sorts. This garden in the suburb belongs to an enthusiastic lover of plants, and I do not suppose another example could be seen in the neighbourhood. Here, however, it was in company with the Mexican Orange Flower (*Choisya ternata*) and Oullin's Green Gage Plum. Such wall-coverings as these are a relief to the monotony of Virginian Creeper and even Ivy.

In Middlesex or any county further north, it is wise in the event of a severe winter setting in to protect the Ceanothuses; they are not the hardiest of shrubs, and get severely handled during a sharp and prolonged frost, but in the South, they may be grown as bushes in the open, giving protection from the north and east winds. While contemplating the beauty of *C. azureus*, the hybrids from it must not be forgotten. One of the most popular is *Gloire de Versailles*, which seems even stronger in growth than the parents *C. azureus* and *C. americanus*. It is a delightful shrub for a low wall or to plant against the house, where its



graceful light blue flower clusters continue to appear throughout the summer and early autumn, the shoots laden with bloom. I have planted this shrub freely in gardens in various counties. One was against a rough wall in Somerset facing south, a perfect paradise for plants of a rather tender growth. Here it grew amazingly, in company with the intense blue Indigo, which is one of the more recent additions to the group. When I first saw it I predicted great popularity for a shrub so free and fine in colour; it is the deepest of all and well worthy of its name. Virginal and Sceptre d'Azur are also very beautiful.

Besides *C. azureus* and its forms, several other *Ceanothuses* may have a place in our gardens. *C. americanus*, as the name suggests, is a native of North America, and requires much the same conditions as the Mexican species. *C. dentatus*, the Californian *Ceanothus*, is welcome for the soft blue colouring of its flowers, and *C. divaricatus* is to be seen in all gardens where shrubs are treasured. This is a North American species, taller in growth than the majority of its race, and the pale blue, almost white flowers, appear in early summer. *C. integrissimus*, *ovatus*, *papillosus*, *rigidus* and *veitchianus* complete the list recommended, the last mentioned, a beautiful Californian shrub, with smooth shining leaves and deep blue clusters of flowers in early summer; it should be grown on a wall, having the characteristic tenderness of the race. The soil for this group of shrubs should be light and well drained, and if an increase is desired this may be accomplished by layering. I am often asked the way to prune shrubs, and with regard to the *Ceanothus*, *C. americanus*, *C. azureus*, *C. integrissimus* and the hybrids that have been mentioned flower on the young wood. These should be cut back in spring and only sufficient shoots allowed to remain to form a well-balanced plant. Shorten these to within two or three eyes of the old wood. The others mentioned flower on the old wood and the stronger shoots merely require shortening back. Thin out the weakly ones after the flowers are over.

Writing of the *Ceanothuses* reminds me of other shrubs that are not happy in very cold climates, most of them bringing beauty and distinction to the gardens of Devonshire and Cornwall. *Abutilon vitifolium* does not require the protection of a wall in the South. It is one of the most exquisite shrubs in the world; the lavender flowers are as delicate in texture as the Wild Rose and crowd thickly on the slender, leafy shoots. When the growth attains a height of 20ft.—as it will do in very favourable positions—the mass of flowers is wonderful. It is the queen of shrubs. The Strawberry Tree or *Benthamia fragifera* is a tree. There are trees of it at Heligan in Cornwall 60ft. in height, and throughout Cornwall is to be frequently seen, even in the woodlands. Further north it is not a success. *Buddleia Colvillei*, the magnificent *Camellia reticulata*, with pink, half-double flowers, but remind one of some beautiful Tree Pæony, the fragrant white-flowered *Carpenteria californica*, *Caryopteris Mastacanthus*; *Clethra arborea*, known as the Lily of the Valley Tea, owing to the similarity of the flowers to those of our fragrant wilding; *Desfontainea spinosa*, the Fire Bush of South America (*Embothrium coccineum*); *Eucryphia pinnatifolia*, a lovely white-flowered Chilean shrub; *Fremontia californica*, bright yellow; *Indigofera gerardiana*, *Libonia floribunda*; the Oleander, *Pawlonia imperialis*, *Pittosporum*, *Cæsalpinia Gilliesii*; the Pomegranate, *Solanum crispum*, which is a beautiful lavender-coloured climber for a pergola, choosing a sheltered place for it, and *Sparmannia africana*, which is a popular greenhouse flower where it cannot withstand the climate.

#### MESEMBRYANTHEMUMS IN THE SCILLY ISLES.

One of the flower sights in the Scilly Isles in summer is the *Meembryanthemum*, which we wish would grow with the same vigor and flower with the same freedom in gardens in the Midlands and the North, but except in quite the South it is not a success. The illustration, from a photograph by Miss Eleanor Shiffner, represents a mass of *Meembryanthemum* in the Scilly Isles, and our correspondent sends the following note: "There are

several different colours of this charming flower, and when it is fully out it makes a perfect blaze, which can be seen a long way off, the various pinks being the most conspicuous, but the yellow variety—the one represented—is very beautiful. It grows either along the ground, or looks more charming still hanging in a huge mass over a wall. To be seen in perfection the Scilly Isles should be visited during the end of June and July."

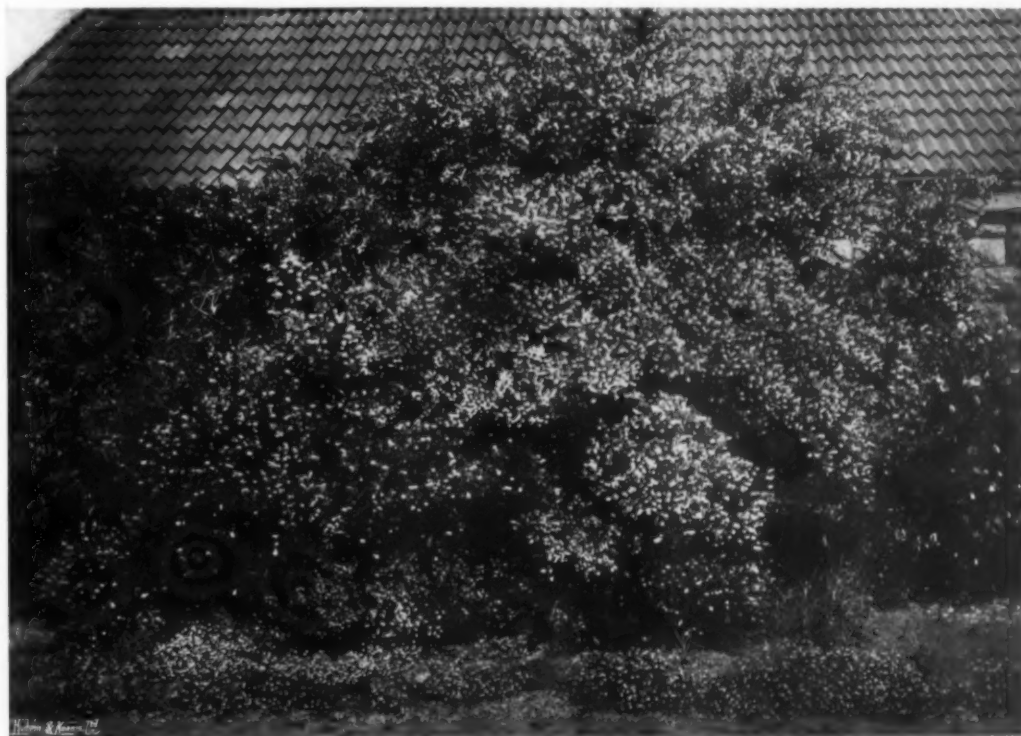
#### SOME NEW ROSES.

The exhibition Rose season is drawing to a close, and few new varieties will be shown this year, although we look forward to the autumn display of the Royal Horticultural Society in September next. Several hybrids and varieties have been exhibited, and once again the Irish firm of Messrs. Alex. Dickson and Sons of Newtownards have been the most conspicuously represented this season, as they have been for some years past. The gold medal of the National Rose Society went, as briefly mentioned recently, to

*Nita Weldon*, a pure Tea Rose, with something of the character of *Mme. Ravary*. There is sufficient substance in the bloom to make one think it will take a high place among exhibition Roses. The colouring is exquisite, the shape of the flower is somewhat flat, but there are plenty of petals, which are painted with creamy white, and towards the base an apricot tinting has a peculiarly beautiful effect.

*Mrs. Campbell Hall*, raised by Dr. Campbell Hall, also from the Sister Isle. This is also a pure Tea, and we are pleased to see such notable additions to the most charming of all rare groups. It is quite different to the variety *Nita Weldon*; the flower reminds one of *Mme. Abel Chatenay*, due to the pointed character of the petals, which are white mingled with rosy salmon and pink. Both these Roses are strong in growth, and, judging from the plants exhibited, possess the desirable merit of free blooming.

At the recent beautiful exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society in the grounds of Holland House, Kensington, kindly lent by Mary



THE BLUE-FLOWERED CEANOTHUSES AZUREUS.

Countess of Ilchester, Messrs. Dickson and Sons exhibited no less than four new Roses, to each of which an award of merit was given, and this award is not given except after the most careful judgment.

*Rose George C. Waul* belongs to the Hybrid Tea class. It is difficult to describe the colour, which is unusually brilliant, a mixture of vermillion and cherry red. But it possesses something more than brightness of colouring; the petals are of considerable substance, possess width and strength, and a sweet perfume is exhaled. A Rose without scent loses much of its interest. We enjoy a bed of the white *Frau Karl Druschki*; but the almost complete absence of perfume is a blemish.

*Rose Mrs. David Jardine*.—There is no question, we think, that this new Rose will be as popular, even more so, than any existing hybrids in the near future. It is a Hybrid Tea, beautiful in form and delicate in colour. It has one attribute beloved of the exhibitor—a high centre; and the soft, shell pink shade should win for it general favour. No complaint can be urged against it on the score of growth, which is erect and strong; an excellent Rose for the garden, and we are told it is beautiful under glass, a hybrid to force.

*Rose Florence Edith Coulthwaite*.—One distinguishing feature of this Hybrid Tea Rose is its variableness in colouring, which is chiefly salmon and pink. The raisers think much of this novelty, which certainly has much merit.

*Rose Molly Sharma Crawford*.—Unlike the others, this is a pure Tea Rose, the flowers large without any suggestion of coarseness, shapely in form, and the centres are to the liking of the exhibitor. The soft petals reflex from the centre of the flowers and give much distinction to the variety.

*Rose Shower of Gold*.—This belongs to quite another class, the so-called "decorative." The name is appropriate, the wealth of double golden yellow flowers suggesting a "shower of gold," and it must be named among the most welcome of recent rambling Roses. This came from Messrs. Paul and Son of Che-hunt, who have raised many beautiful rambling Roses—the lovely *Una* among the number.



"OTHER times other manners." Conway was built as a bulwark against the inroads and as an outpost for the subjugation of those Welsh chieftains whose descendant built his ample home within the circuit of its protecting walls. In 1282 Llewelyn ap Gruffith, encouraged by the losses

sustained by the English in crossing Conway's stream, descended from the safety of the hills to the dangers of the plain, and was surprised and killed. Edward I. thereupon annexed all Wales, and among other castles and towns he built Conway for English occupation. Llewelyn, the last of the reigning Princes of Wales,

was descended from the eldest son of Prince Owen Gwynedd, whose third son is claimed as the ancestor of the Wynns, of whom Robert built Plas Mawr in the days of Elizabeth. Some way below Gwydir, where Robert's father dwelt, the river Conway broadens and becomes an estuary, and it was a wide stretch of water which separated Denbighshire from Carnarvonshire at the point where Llewelyn the Great, grandfather of Llewelyn the last, founded the Cistercian abbey of Aberconwy. Now the transit is made easily, if not picturesquely; for road and rail run along causeways and bridges which cut off the waves from the footing of the castle, against which they once broke. The fisher boat in the foreground on page 134 is therefore well placed as a screen to hide as much as possible of ugly modernity. The castle still stands, a noble ruin, and beyond it are seen the towers and walls of the well-fortified town which it protected. But the roadway certainly has its uses, and Edward would have welcomed it had he found it there in his day. Its absence, indeed, nearly proved his ruin. Six years after the completion of Conway Castle in 1284, the Welsh rose against Edward's taxes and hanged Roger de Puleston, his tax-gatherer. Edward hurried up, got across the Conway River with his advance guard and threw himself into the castle. He, however, lost his baggage and provision train in the operation, and the rise of the river prevented the crossing of the rest of the troops and the supplies. The English King found himself closely invested by the insurgents, and must have been thankful that he was a good castle-builder. The walls kept out the Welsh securely enough, but within the walls there was nothing but the scanty food of the regular garrison. Salt meat and coarse bread, washed down with water and honey, were the food at the Royal table, and there was none too much even



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THE EASTERN STAIR TOWER.

C.L.



"COUNTRY LIFE."

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ROOM.



of them. Luckily, at the critical moment the Conway River subsided and troops and provisions crossed. The Welsh ran off, and Edward kept Christmas with proverbial cheer at the castle. Behind it now rose the town, and, since it was of a purely English and military nature, the abbey was moved to Maenan, ten miles up the river, to be granted in Elizabeth's days to one of the Wynns, whose descendant, Lord Newborough, now owns it. Taken together, Conway town and castle are perhaps our

complete stronghold was in Plantagenet days. It is a hilly tract on which all this building was set, rising from river-side to low hilltop, and more ground seems to have been included within the town wall than was ever wanted for the inhabitants. There was, therefore, room to spread out into courts and gardens, and not only English merchants, but members of Welsh county families, built and settled within the compass of the walls, the finest of their houses being the subject of these pictures. It is now the

property of Lord Mostyn, and is rented by the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art, who hold their summer exhibitions of pictures there. At that season the expanse of their canvases and the glitter of their frames are none too appropriate; but in winter the old house—kept in repair, but not modernised, and set with just enough well-selected furniture of its own period—presents an admirable picture of an Elizabethan interior. Its front to the main street is merely that of a narrow detached building, through which we pass into the first court and up two flights of steps to the little terrace walk on which the main house stands. Entering the doorway, behind the screens, we come to the hall, whose chimney-piece tells us something of the story of the builder. In its centre is a shield quartering the eagles of Owen Gwynedd with the chevron and fleurs-de-lys of Terran ap Howell. It is the same shield that may be seen in Dolwyddelan Church, accompanying the brass effigy of Meredith ap Jevan, the founder of the Wynns of Gwydir, whose grandson was Robert Wynn, the builder of Plas Mawr. The latter's initials appear on the protuberances which replaced the lower part of two of the caryatides of the upper tier of the mantel-piece. The date 1580, which may be seen on either side of the central shield, is the year when Robert's nephew, the well-known Sir John Wynn, succeeded to Gwydir, and the similarity of the work done by nephew and uncle in their respective houses during the following years is remarkable. The only date of Sir John's time at Gwydir is on the breakfast-room chimney-piece. It is 1597 and the shields, both here and in the later work done by Sir Robert Wynn, quarter the lions of Gruffith ap Conan with the eagles of Owen Gwynedd. But there is the same massive character—the two emperors at Gwydir replacing the caryatides at Plas Mawr—the same rough-and-ready coarseness of execution, the work, evidently, of local craftsmen who possessed some taste but little training, so that the result is homely, pleasant and extremely picturesque without any grossness. But the greatest similarity is in the plaster-work at the two houses. Gwydir has so much paneling, tapestry and Spanish leather hangings on the walls of its rooms that plaster-work is very largely confined to the corridors; but the same moulds were used by uncle and nephew, and the many badges which are on the walls of the entry and other passages at Gwydir appear also on the two panels beyond the fireplace in the Queen Elizabeth room at Plas Mawr. There are the lion of England and the dragon of Wales, the boar and the stag and the head known as the "Sarracen's,"

but really the "Saxon's." It has reference to the victory of one of Llewelyn the Great's lieutenants over the English in 1246, when he slew three of the enemy's leaders and brought their heads as an offering to his prince, who thereupon bade him adopt them as his cognisance. Robert Wynn was evidently proud of this badge, and set it freely on the walls, chimney-pieces and ceilings of his house, as these pictures conclusively show



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THE ELEVATION TO THE HIGH STREET.

"C.L."

very best remaining example of mediæval fortification. Chester and York have a greater circuit of walls, but they are much restored and rebuilt and the castles are gone. Chepstow has a fine castle, but its town walls are imperfect and it has but one remaining gateway. Conway town still possesses its four original gateways, its twenty-one flanking towers and its complete curtain walls; while Conway Castle, though in ruins, is sufficiently well preserved to afford a thorough comprehension of what a

Of Robert Wynn himself we have an account written by his nephew in a memoir apart from his well-known "History of the Gwydir Family." Robert had entered the service of Sir Philip Hobby, one of King Hal's noted warriors, and he was with the King and Sir Philip at the siege of Boulogne. Here he received a shot in his leg, which the surgical science of the day totally failed to extract, and "it was wont, sometimes in four years sometimes in six years to grieve him, drawing an inflammation to his leg." Being once on a visit to his nephew at Gwydir, "his wonted inflammation took him with an extraordinary vehemence so that he supposed it would endanger his life; in the end it grew to a heat, and he that was of his Chamber found with his probe a hard thing in the orifice, which he supposed a great scale of his shin bone." Sir John had him put to bed, and set his man to dress the wound. He then himself examined it, pushed the probe deeper than his man durst, found the lead, sent for the surgeon to extract it, and Robert Wynn recovered and felt no pain at all while he lived. He seems to have been well over seventy years of age



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SKY LINE OF THE INNER COURT.

"C.L."

when this happened, but the wound had never interfered with his strenuous life. He had been at the burning of Edinburgh and Leith, and had accompanied Sir Philip Hobby on his embassy

to Charles V. He married early, lived with his first wife, "a widow in years," till he was sixty-six, then married again "a young gentlewoman who in his old age brought him many children." Long before that he had settled down in Conway. Sir Philip Hobby was no favourite with Queen Mary, having strong Protestant views, so "he desired of the Queen license to travel, which she granted with this addition, that she would give him leave, and all of his opinion, to travel out of the land and never return." Robert Wynn lived to keep "a worthy and plentiful house" for many years at Plas Mawr. The dates set about the buildings and the rooms show that work went on there from 1577 to 1585, and its builder lived on to 1598.

The High Street frontage of the house, as one picture shows, gives room for only three windows in its width. Its centre projects and forms a porch surmounted by a panel on which—much decayed—we can yet discern the Arms of England. The main body of the house, standing much higher, runs up the side lane. Near the corner, where all in the lane or courtyard could see, there projects from the upper floor a diminutive window of semi-circular projection worked in stone, in which a rushlight must have been set to give light and direction to those below. The little banqueting-hall, which is the first room entered and whose chimney-piece we have described, is of the later Elizabethan type. A room of single-storey height, without dais, some 20ft. by 30ft. in size, but still entered behind screens, an old arrangement which, though altered later, may yet be clearly traced. The rest of the ground floor was chiefly occupied by offices, and of one of the kitchens, with its ample fire arch and the great bread hutch fixed to the ceiling beams, we give a picture. Between this room and the banqueting-hall is the main stairway, still of the narrow newel form, showing that new customs and Italian influences had scarcely penetrated into Wales in Elizabeth's day. This stair and its fellow form octagons, jutting out from the angles of the three-sided inner court. The lesser one affords access to the two upper floors only, and forms, therefore, but a low tower scarcely higher than the roof ridge. But the principal stairway is continued to a considerable height, and opens on to a platform having a window on



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UP THE SIDE LANE.

"C.L."



each of its eight sides and giving an outlook over the town and the country beyond. Of these very picturesque features—the unequal towers, the crow-stepped chimney, the pinnacled dormers and the arched doorways—we give several pictures. Plas Mawr in its damp climate, with its rather smoky little town, and its rubble walls of slaty colour unclothed by creepers, is sometimes apt to be a little drear. It needs sunlight to give it light and shade and cheerfulness. Sunlight, however, is not a constant visitor at Conway, and the photographer was fortunate in getting it so plentifully on the occasion of his visit. The result is a remarkable set of photographs; Plas Mawr has probably never looked so well in any previous representations.

Opening from the first landing of the principal stairway is the great reception-room. It is of the gallery shape so fashionable when Robert Wynn was building. It is some 40ft. long, broken centrally by a great bay. Here, as in the Queen Elizabeth room, the loyal subject and distant cousin of the Tudors dedicated the mantelpiece to his Sovereign. These



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THE WESTERN STAIR TOWER.

"C.L."

loyal and royal emblems have induced tradition to provide not only a sitting-room for Queen Elizabeth at Plas Mawr, but a bedroom for herself and also one for her favourite, the Earl of Leicester. We find the same at Gwydir, but in neither case is there any reliable record of a Royal visit; and, as Queen Elizabeth's progresses were duly chronicled and have been carefully studied and edited, it is extremely unlikely that she ever set foot in Carnarvonshire.

In the Queen's sitting-room the mantel-piece is elaborate if somewhat eccentric, in its ornamentation, and consorts well with the plaster-work panels which we have already mentioned, and with the geometric ceiling of shallow ribs with beasts, birds and badges scattered in the panels. The most interesting and complete set of these, however, is perhaps on the ceiling in the Queen's bedroom, where, also, the original oak partition should be noticed. The thick and massive stiles are beautifully moulded, and the principal upright and central rail are carved. Long narrow panels of thick oak slabs are set in



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THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE GREAT ROOM.

Copyright.

the framework, and the surface shows that the axe and the adze were the principal tools used by the local carpenter. In the great sitting-room the work shows more reserve and design. The hood of the fireplace sits well on the cantilever brackets resting on pilasters. Upon it is the badge of the garter and the Queen's initials. At its corners and at intervals on the deep frieze that runs around the room is set the same model of a crowned caryatid that we found on the mantel-piece below. They support a deep oak cornice, of which several of the members are carved. Below the frieze no doubt panelling was intended, but if it was ever placed there it has disappeared. Contemporary benches, however, are fitted around three sides of the room. The same plan occurs in the banqueting-hall, and the design is very similar to the fixed benches in the hall at Ford in Devonshire, a room of the same period, which was illustrated in these pages some months ago. The mantel-piece in the Queen's bedroom shows initials which

are rather puzzling. The "R," no doubt, stands for the owner, but there is no "W" to balance it. The "G" is probably for Gruffith, the family name of Robert Wynn's first wife. We find the same initials in the Queen's sitting-room, where there seem to be signs on the somewhat decayed plaster-work that not only Dorothy Gruffith, the first wife, is commemorated, but also "the young gentlewoman who brought him many children" and who was the daughter of James Dymmok.

Conway, with its spaciousness and small population, its fine church, its good gentlemen's houses, its noble castle, as yet unimpaired, was a pleasant place to live in in Elizabeth's days. It was friendly and safe as a domicile, and yet easy to get out of, with its access by water to the sea on one side, and up to Gwydir and other country seats on the other. Hence the society was good there, and the "Gentlemen of Conway" became a much-used expression. With the next century, however, came some decay to the town, and the total ruin of the castle—ruin caused not by war or for political reasons, but by the deliberate act of its owner. The Warwickshire family of Conway, seated at Ragley, which is still owned by their descendant, the Marquess of Hertford, provided a capable Minister and a loyal adherent to Charles I. Edward Conway became Secretary of State and Baron Conway in 1623, and five years later the King granted him the Castle of Conway. It was his grandson who, after the Restoration, stripped it of all timber, iron and lead, which he shipped off to Ireland, where he had private interests as well as an official position. The local gentry opposed this design, Colonel Hugh Wynn being of their number. Their protest was unavailing, for Lord Conway replied that these materials were more serviceable to His Majesty in Ireland than at Conway Castle, which soon after became a bare ruin, and it is noteworthy that not a particle of iron can be found remaining within its ample precincts. The Colonel Wynn who, as one of the Deputy-Lieutenants for North Wales, protested against this destruction, was a great-nephew of the builder of Plas Mawr. He had, through his grandmother, a daughter of Richard Mostyn of Bodysgallen, inherited that estate, which is situated in the Great Orme's Head district of Carnarvonshire, now popularised by the expansion of Llandudno. Bodysgallen is in Eglwys Rhos parish, which also includes Gloddaith, Penrhyn and Marl, and so possesses "four mansions which have belonged to families of



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THE KITCHEN.

"C.L."

influence," and all of which retain much evidence of their past. Hugh Wynn of Bodysgallen was a colonel because he had "at his own expense raised a Regiment of Foot for the service of King Charles the first and was a great Sufferer for the Royal Cause." His cousin of Plas Mawr took the disturbed times more quietly, and acted as deputy-mayor of Conway. He was another Robert Wynn, and grandson of Robert the builder, and in 1664 he died and was buried under an arched monument, which stands at the south-east corner of the chancel of Conway Church. He left a daughter only, who carried Plas Mawr to her husband, Robert Wynn, son and heir of Colonel Wynn of Bodysgallen. They had several sons, who all died early or childless, except the youngest, Dr. Hugh Wynn, Prebendary of Salisbury, who eventually inherited Plas Mawr and Bodysgallen. Again the male line failed, and his heiress, Margaret, married Sir Roger Mostyn of Gloddaith, and thus was Bodysgallen

brought back to the Mostyns after being held by six of the Wynns. Like the Wynns, however, the Mostyns had developed the characteristic habit of failing to produce male heirs. Sir Roger and Dame Margaret, his wife, had, indeed, a son, but he died, and their daughter carried both the Wynn and Mostyn inheritances, Plas Mawr, Bodysgallen and Gloddaith to Sir Edward Price Lloyd, whom she married in 1794, and who was created Baron Mostyn in 1831. His great-grandson, the third baron, is the present owner of Plas Mawr. He is to be congratulated on a most interesting possession, which has, to an unusual extent, escaped both destruction and the still more fatal "restoration." Under the present tenancy it is intelligently maintained, not rashly "improved." Emphatically, it is a place to go and see.

T.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN reading the seventh volume of *The Works of Tennyson*, annotated by Alfred Lord Tennyson and edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson (Macmillan and Co.), which contains the last of his poems, the one reflection that comes home to us with infinite force is that never in all history did old age yield such a rich harvest as in the case of the late Laureate. We talk and think of people when they become old as losing the vividness of apprehension, the freshness and purity of impression which distinguished their youth. But it was not so with the old poet of the Victorian era. At the age of four score, when, as a rule, man has reached that final stage described by Shakespeare as the

Last scene of all  
That ends this strange evenful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sins teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Instead of dotage and decrepitude we find the poet visited in his extreme old age by thoughts like great white birds, and still gifted with the skill and energy to express them, in a manner which contemporaries could admire but not rival. There is the solemn "Crossing the Bar," made in his eighty-first year, after the serious illness of 1888 and 1889, on a day in October while crossing the Solent, as he and his son were coming from





"COUNTRY LIFE."

PLAS MAWR; THE BANQUETING HALL

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CONWAY CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Aldworth to Farringford. "It came in a moment," he said; but one of his last directions to Hallam was "Mind you put my 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems." An interesting note is given on the line:

I hope to see my Pilot face to face.

When the poem was first published, it was given out that Tennyson referred here to the son whom he had lost, and who was showing him the way. But what he meant was that "Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us." Some will, perhaps, say that this does not meet the criticism that, after four verses of his own most stately and solemn verse, he descends here to the level of Keble. There are spots on the sun, and this poem would have been flawless if it had ended with the fine lines:

And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark.

We are told that

This poem, *The Death of the Duke of Clarence*, *The Dawn*, *The Making of Man*, *The Dreamer* (expressive of Hope in the Light that leads us), *The Wanderer*, *A Voice spake out of the Skies*, *Doubt and Prayer*, *Faith*, *God and the Universe*, and *The Silent Voices*, breathing peace and courage and hope and faith, were felt by my father, when he wrote them, to be his last testament to the world.

Of these, the greatest alike in thought and workmanship is the "Silent Voices," of which Lady Tennyson's music, arranged for four voices by Sir Frederick Bridge, is given as an appendix. There are few passages of English verse which convey so much in so small a space. The first line is in itself a marvel of expression:

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black.

As he was dying on October 5th, 1892, he cried out, "I have opened it"; and it is doubtful whether he was thinking of the volume of "Cymbeline," opened by him at his favourite passage:

Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die.

or to the still more famous dirge:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,

or to his own lines; but it is very significant that in his last days he was often heard repeating his most appropriate lines:

Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,  
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,  
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate.

And in that little sheaf of verses which we have described as the

harvest of his old age, we find the same strain of thought running, as in the last verse of the "Wanderer."

I count you kind, I hold you true;  
But what may follow, who can tell?  
Give me a hand—and you—and you—  
And deem me grateful, and farewell!

Carlyle, on his death-bed, quoted Goethe's verse that had supported him so much during the course of his life—"We bid you to hope," and the same message was left us by Tennyson in the little poem, "Faith":

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best  
Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,  
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the shipwreck, of the rolling  
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine, or the pest!  
Neither mourn if human creed be lower than the heart's desire!  
Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is higher.  
Wait till Death has flung them open, when the man will make the Maker  
Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire!

Yet there is one poem outside the little list compiled by the editor of the book which should always be read as one of the finest fruits of Tennyson's old age. Needless to say that it is "Merlin and the Gleam." There the reader obtains in the most beautiful verse a reflection of that distinguished life which Tennyson led from childhood up to old age. In his fine simplicity he thought that this poem "would probably be enough of biography for those friends who urged him to write about himself." It is unique in literature. Never has the childhood of a poet been steeped in a sweeter country air than that which is made immortal in the beginning of this poem.

Mighty the Wizard  
Who found me at sunrise  
Sleeping, and woke me  
And learn'd me Magic!  
Great the Master,  
And sweet the Magic,  
When over the valley,  
In early summers,  
Over the mountain,  
On human faces,  
And all around me,  
Moving to melody,  
Floated The Gleam.

His son tells us once more, as he told us in the biography, that this refers to the brook that flowed through the upland valley of the "ridged wolds" above his home, to the mountain glen and



summits of his early dreams, and to the human faces that he beheld in his first excursions into the country round Somersby. Then the note changes, and he tells us of the croak of the raven, by which he meant the harsh voice of those who were unsympathetic. Yet the Master whisper'd "Follow the Gleam," and the result was those tender English idylls "The May Queen," "The Grandmother," "The Gardener's Daughter," and all those poems so well known. The episode is transfigured, yet truly and beautifully presented in the verses:

Down from the mountain  
And over the level,  
And streaming and shining on  
Silent river,  
Silvery willow,  
Pasture and plowland,  
Innocent maidens,  
Garrulous children,  
Homestead and harvest,  
Reaper and gleaner,  
And rough-ruddy faces  
Of lowly labour,  
Slided The Gleam.

Then we have the period when he was attracted by the tales of chivalry, and the gleam flashed on tournament and church and helmet. Then comes the reference to the gleam falling on the valley "named of the Shadow," passing, that is to say, from King Arthur to Arthur Hallam. Then he recovered from its "Wintry Gleam" and "Sang thro' the world" till, finally, we are told that the poet came to the land's last limit, still accompanied by the Magician:

There on the border  
Of boundless Ocean,  
And all but in Heaven.

The poems we have glanced at would be sufficient in themselves to demonstrate the truth of our remark, that no old age ever produced a richer harvest than did that of Lord Tennyson. And yet there are other poems equally sad, equally melancholy, equally pathetic, equally hopeful and equally brimming with the essential qualities of fine poetry. "Far, Far Away" might be quoted as an example to show how Tennyson retained his fine poetic instinct to the last, and the "By an Evolutionist" is a proof of the clearness and vigour of his intellect.

## FALCONRY.

OF all hawks the peregrine is one which most obviously and undoubtedly requires to be well hacked. Notwithstanding her extraordinary natural powers and the astonishing versatility with which she can use them against almost every imaginable quarry, she takes a goodish time to develop them, and requires much practice and exercise to acquire the speed and skill which makes her such a marvel among birds. This conclusion may be very summarily and conclusively proved by comparing the performances of a "haggard," or wild-caught, peregrine in the "blue" plumage with a "red" passage-hawk. The latter has had at least four months of wild life since she could fly, during three of which she has had to earn her own living by her own unaided exertions. And yet, as every competent writer and every keen observer will admit, she is a mere child or tyro as compared with the blue hawk, which was caught after she had been at work for fifteen months or more. I have seen red passage-hawks when thrown off at rooks exhibit a stupidity which would disgrace many eyesses, and which it would be absolutely impossible to find in any haggard. If another proof is needed it may be found in the fact that the young wild peregrines serve rather a long apprenticeship under their parents' eyes and tuition before they are driven away to shift for themselves in the wide world. No one will deny that the peregrine—*wunderskind* as she is—must be reproached as in some respects slow and tedious. She takes an unconscionable time to moult, and after the moult to get into condition again. She is occasionally difficult to enter at certain quarry, such as rooks, and after being entered at one quarry requires considerable inducement to change to another. Several of the old authors complain that the work of reclaiming her was laborious as compared with gers, lanners and others of the long-winged hawks. Finally we have the unanimous testimony of modern experts, who all declare that the longer peregrines can be kept out at hack the better they are likely to be. Nor is anything in the world more easy to believe than this. The range of a wild peregrine's daily peregrinations is, of course, enormous. As she swings along in her airy circles, often far higher than the human eye can reach, mile after mile is traversed, generally at the speed of an express train. For her a "little airing" means often fifty or 100 miles on the wing. How, then, can you expect that the eyess which has only been hacked for a few days can have pectoral muscles or lungs to compare with those of these wanderers in the upper air? It is in the latter days of the hack-time—in the fourth, or, perhaps, the fifth, week—for some modern falconers have kept peregrines out as long as this—that they begin to soar and to take really long flights. I remember a story told by the late Major Fisher, of seeing one of his hack peregrines pass overhead when he was at a picnic seven miles distant from the field in which his hack-board was set out. In this he may have been mistaken; but there can be no doubt that the range of the peregrine at hack is very wide.

It must then be granted that, as regards at least this species of hawk, the longer the hack period can safely be protracted the better. And the usual and best method of protracting it beyond its natural limits is to attach very heavy hack-bells to the hawks. The feet and legs of the young peregrines are so big and strong that there is seldom any trouble in doing this, although in the case of the small hawks there is a more than considerable risk that the feet will be injured. And, of course, if the method of hacking is that of the hack-board, it will be exceedingly difficult to see, even by the aid of a field-glass, when the ankle or foot is beginning to swell or be chafed, so that the mischief may be irreparable before steps are taken to avert it by catching up the

sufferer and removing the offending bell or weight. If, on the other hand, the hack-hawks are fed on the lure, this danger is not so great. And here we come upon the question whether this latter method of hacking is as good as the more ordinary plan. I have been ridiculed before now for even suggesting that there was anything to be said in favour of the lure system; but in a matter like this a pennyworth of experience is worth a ton of theory, and the late Mr. Gage Earle Freeman, whose eyess grouse-hawks, taken as a lot, were as good as any that have been seen within the last fifty years, always called them down when at back to the lure. He did not believe that the hawks were one whit improved by "making strangers of them" and standing at a distance while they came down to take their meals. It made them wilder, no doubt—more "like wild hawks." But did it make them take more exercise or be more keen to fly at wild quarry?—that is the real question. And we have no evidence to prove that it did, or does, this. Perhaps it may be said that the presumption is rather the other way. For the hawk which knows that it has only to go to the board and take its rations in peace and solitude, has no particular inducement to take the trouble of chasing and killing for itself. If it does so, it will be from the mere love of sport. But when the hack-hawk is expected to come near to the man with the



HACKED WITH THE LURE.

lure, and feed in his presence, if not actually on his fist, the natural mistrust inbred in her is apt to make the business irksome and even *suspect*. By taking and killing a wild quarry she will be absolved from this necessity, and, therefore, in some sense benefited. There is yet another consideration which may be not without weight. One or two of the hack-hawks may, towards the end of hack, have killed something and taken half a crop between feeding-times. They are then just as likely as not to come down to the hack-board and take another bite or two, or, at any rate, mess about with the food on the board, and it will be difficult to say which of the hawks has done this and which has not. Accordingly, even if more of the food has remained on the board than ought to have been left, and the falconer concludes that one or more of the youngsters ought to be taken up, the wrong one may be snared and consigned to captivity and the real culprit left out to be lost without recovery, whereas if each is fed on the lure no such mistake is at all likely to be made, and each hawk can be left out until the proof of its ability to strike down a wild quarry has been established. It need hardly be said that if the advantage of using the hack-board fixed at a distance from the presence of man is not taken as proved, then the merits of calling the hack-hawks down to the lure must be admitted, for the reclamation of the eyess when taken up will, in the latter case, be a work of less difficulty and time. The manning of her will be a comparatively easy job, especially if more than one person has been accustomed to call her down in turn; and still more so if children and dogs and horses have been within a short distance of her while she took her meals.

It may be assumed that a few days will be saved between the time when the hawk comes up from hack and when she is taken into the field to fly. Now it is true that if the peregrine is intended to fly at partridges this gain of less than a week is worth little or nothing. The hack period cannot in normal cases be protracted beyond the middle of July. And between then and September 1st there will be plenty of time to man the hawk, to break her to the hood, and to induce her to wait on will. But if she is intended for the much more arduous flight at grouse, it is quite a different matter. Then there is obviously not a day to be wasted, if the hawk is to be ready by the Twelfth. Very few eyess peregrines, after the spell of inaction consequent upon their commencement of real training, will, when first put on the wing again, mount to any decent height, and far less remain there for any length of time without raking away. Very few will have *mons* enough to know what is meant when a grouse is being found and put up for them. Meanwhile the young grouse are getting stronger on the wing. And with so difficult a quarry the sooner the season can be commenced the better for both the hawk and her owner.

On what grounds do the advocates of the hack-board system so loudly condemn the other plan? They are, no doubt, plausible enough. Many people are naturally inclined to think that because a hack-hawk which has been taken up from the hack-board with the bow net is much more like a passage hawk snared with the same instrument than one which is simply lifted off the ground on the lure, therefore it is also more like a wild-caught hawk in its whole character and in its power of flight. But this, again, is to beg the very question on which we have the strong testimony of Mr. Freeman in opposition to any such theory. There is, no doubt, this to be said in support of the more generally received opinion. Haggards are found, as a rule, to be better tempered than the "red" passage-hawks, and "red" passage-hawks much better tempered than eyesses. Therefore, it may be argued, does it not follow that hack-hawks which have had the completest liberty for a month or so should have a better temper than those which had less? This is, very possibly, true. The best way of solving the difficulty would be to take, on more than one occasion, nests of eyess peregrines, and hack two of each four on one system, and two on the other. Then, if in all the cases it were found that the falcons or tiercels hacked at the board turned out better than those hacked at the lure, the presumption would be almost irresistible that the former were the better.

This experiment has, I know, been tried with some of the smaller hawks; but I have not heard that it has been tried with peregrines. As regards these smaller hawks the whole question of hack appears to be somewhat different. It is,

however, full of interest not only in itself, but as a sort of guide by analogy to what is probable in the other and more important case. But it must be dealt with by itself. E. B. MICHELL.

## LAW AND THE LAND.

OLD-TIME memories clustered thick in Mr. Justice Warrington's court last week, when a legal battle was waged over the old road which passes Shaw House, near Newbury, and down which, perhaps, the Roundheads advanced, "singing of psalms as they went," to the attack on Shaw House, or Dolman's, as it was then called, on that memorable Sunday in October on which the second battle of Newbury was fought. Charles I. was the guest of Humfry Dolman the night before the battle, and in the oak wainscotted drawing-room is still shown the mark of the bullet which, more truly aimed, had there terminated the unfortunate monarch's existence as he watched the progress of the great fight from the great bow window, and saved



### A CHANCE KILL AT HACK.

the nation from the terrible tragedy that took place in Whitehall some four years later. Shaw House, which has been described as the most stately Elizabethan mansion in Berkshire, was built in 1581 by Thomas Dolman, the wealthy "clothier" of Newbury—that is the description in the old "Visitation," but, perhaps, spinner and weaver would be nearer our modern understanding of his occupation—who some thirty years before had purchased the neighbouring manor of Colthrop, and who had now acquired wealth sufficient to tempt him from the pursuit of commerce and to lead him to set up as a country gentleman, much, we gather, to the disgust of his neighbours, who added another petition to the local litany:

Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners;  
Thomas Dolman has built a new house.  
And has turned away all his spinners.

Thomas, however, was equal to the occasion, and retorted by inscribing the following couplet on the gate-post:

"Edentulus vescentium dentibus invidet  
Et oculos caprearum talpa contemnit,"

which we may be permitted to freely render as a reminder that the toothless mole envies the teeth of the feaster, but ignores the foresight which enabled the latter to provide his banquet. At either end of the road to which we have referred are the villages of Shaw and Donnington, and midway is the church common to the two. The owner of Shaw House contended that the road was only a churchway, and while she had no objection to her neighbours using it for going to and from church, she did object to its being used as a public highway past her house from village to village. At each end of the road were gates, which were locked on Good Friday with a view to asserting the owner's title. A year ago the gates were broken down by order of the District Council, who, urged thereto by a village Hampden, claimed a public right of way along the road from one village to the other, a claim which has now been allowed by the Court, subject to the owner's right to maintain unlocked gates at the termini. So the third battle of Newbury has, like the second, resulted in the victory of the popular party.

The reported reappearance in England of Pallas's sand grouse recalls the interesting fact that that bird is the only one which has given its name to an Act of Parliament, and, with the possible exception of the pheasant, which has a small Irish Act to its credit, the only bird that can boast that it has a statute all to itself. When, in 1888, this visitor from the sandy Steppes of Asia made one of its infrequent visits to this country, great hopes were entertained that it might become acclimatised; and a few enthusiasts, with Mr. Sydney Buxton at their head, managed to rush a Bill through Parliament at the fag end of an autumn session which prohibited the killing or taking of sand-grouse; and to this day, though the bird never became acclimatised and is still only an occasional visitor, it remains the only bird that is absolutely and specifically protected by an English Act of Parliament.



It would be difficult to find a better example of the uncertainty of the law than that which is afforded by the decision of Mr. Justice Parker in the case *R. v. Hadley*, which related to the incidence of liability to pay estate duty. The question involved was quite a short one, and does not, on the face of it, seem to present any unusual point of difficulty. Where a testator exercises a general power of appointment over a specific fund, should estate duty in respect of the appointed fund be paid out of such fund or out of the testator's residuary estate? Within the last few years that question has been specifically put to no less than six individual judges of the Chancery Division, in at least eight separate and distinct cases. Three of them have answered that the duty is chargeable on the fund, while the other three have been of the opposite opinion, and have declared that the duty must be paid out of the residuary estate. And perhaps the most curious thing about the whole matter is that in no single instance has the unsuccessful party invoked the aid of the Court of Appeal to solve the puzzle. Now Mr. Justice Parker has taken a hand, making number seven, and has held that, in the absence of a direction in the will to the contrary, the duty must be paid out of the appointed fund, but that where the will contains a provision for the payment of all testamentary expenses out of residue then, as estate duty is a testamentary expense, it must fall upon the residuary estate. The odds, therefore, are at present four to three against the appointed fund, and it only remains for Mr. Justice Eve to be brought in, and then the whole of the existing bench of Chancery judges will have applied themselves to a consideration of this apparently simple question.

A curious point of some interest to landowners arose in a Cornish case. The Great Western Railway had become owners of certain land, but the original owner had reserved the minerals and let them to a company to work. The company began to work the china clay or kaolin, which is a very valuable substance only found in certain localities, mostly in Cornwall. The railway tried to stop the working on the ground that china clay is not a mineral. The Court have decided that it is, and by their decision have given some hints that in these hard times may be useful to landowners. This china clay is not an ordinary clay, which would not be a mineral, but is a particular form of decomposed rock, which, on exposure to the air, undergoes certain changes. It is only found in certain geological conditions, and the conditions often exist without the clay being found. It is only found in limited quantities. It is a product that may or may not be found given a known geological formation. This quality of uncertainty following on a certain state of things seems from this case to satisfy the legal requirements for a mineral, very much in the same way as coprolites were held to be minerals. The importance of the view taken by the Court is that not only does a valuable product, if found in land sold, where minerals are reserved, not pass to the purchaser, but that a very important question arises as to whether the owner of the land can either himself work or lease the minerals, and what he must do with the rent. Money received for minerals is capital which a tenant for life cannot spend. The moral seems to be always to reserve minerals on a sale, and always to invest the moneys arising from the letting of anything raised from the land.

We are all tempted when public bodies try to take our property by compulsion to make them pay handsomely, and the law provides that public bodies are to pay all the costs of the taking. An attempt to extend this rule was made in a recent case, and is a good instance of the saying that some people have no conscience. The London County Council put their compulsory powers in force to acquire a site for a school. During the negotiations the owner died, and his representatives sought to charge the Council with the costs of obtaining probate on the will, for they said the executors were the proper persons to receive the money and could not act until probate was obtained. The Judge refused the application, saying if the council had to pay for probate they might just as well pay estate duty, for that had to be cleared before a good title was made. It is as well that even public bodies should at times be saved from extortionate demands, especially when their funds are derived from rates. If the argument had prevailed on the death of one of the London dukes, the ratepayer might, if a contract with the County Council had been pending, have been asked to pay the estate duty for Woburn, Chatsworth, or Eaton.

## FROM THE FARMS.

### SUMMER MANAGEMENT OF CATTLE.

THE fears of scarcity of grass in the pastures which were beginning to be felt a fortnight ago have passed away, July, so far, having maintained its character for being a rainy month. In spite of the haymaking being unfinished, the fine rains which have fallen will have been most welcome and will prove of peculiar value in the present position of the markets. The effect of a prolongation of the recent drought on values would have been serious in many ways, but would have been immediately felt in a decline in the prices of both fat and store stock. Bullocks in half-fat condition would have been hurried to market, thereby depressing the beef trade, while stores would have been cheapened as they always are when the pastures are brown and bare. The policy of the grazier is now clear. Except on the very richest of old grass land (of which there is really comparatively little), all cattle intended for the butcher this summer should be pushed on by a liberal allowance of cake.

### THE FLOCK IN JULY.

On ordinary mixed farms the shepherd is very often called away from his ordinary duties to build the stack or perform some other part in the busy time of hay and corn harvest. This he can very well do for a large part of the day, especially if the sheep are grazing at will without folding, but he should

never be hurried over his morning inspection of the flock, for the fly will be busy, and it is important that its attacks should be detected at once. The ravages of the maggot are extremely disfiguring to the flock, injure the sheep and prevent it from thriving. Every sheep must daily pass the shepherd's eye, and he must have time for this purpose. Weaned lambs require very special care. If folded on tares there is always danger of scour, and this is poor diet unless supplemented with suitable artificial food. Therefore, they should be coaxed to eat a little bran and split peas. Lucerne, carted and placed in racks in the fold, is a capital corrective against scour. Lambs usually do better on clover and "seeds" than on old pasture; but the essential point is to avoid running them on land which has already been grazed by sheep this season.

### LABOUR-SAVING MACHINERY.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and the scarcity of labour in so many districts has acted as a wonderful spur to progress in agricultural machinery. What should we do in these days without the mower, the self-binder, the horse-rake and the tedding and turning machine? We have long possessed these valuable auxiliaries, but every year is adding to the list and truly we are seeking out "many inventions." One of the latest of these is the self-pitching and loading machine for collecting the hay. We do not refer to that which simply elevates the hay on to the waggon and requires a loader, but a new one which loads itself. It is made to run close to the ground and so large that when fitted together it cannot pass through ordinary gateways. This is a drawback, as it necessitates the stack being built in the same field as the crop. Still, when great speed is required in "catching" weather every practical farmer will see what an immense saving of time and labour it will effect. With an elevator at the stack a very large field could be cleared by this machine in a few hours.

A. T. M.

### BETWEEN HAYTIME AND HARVEST.

This season is supposed by many to be a period of comparative rest for the farmer, whereas it is a time in which the man who knows his business—no matter what description of holding he may have—should be hard at work, not only with his hands, but with his head, which, contrary to the general idea, is by far the most essential quality which helps to secure success in agriculture. I will endeavour to explain how some different types of farmers can find ample employment between the seasons of hay and harvest. For this purpose, I have classed them under the following headings: The dairy-farmer, the cattle-breeder or rearer and the flockmaster.

#### THE DAIRY-FARMER.

The dairy farmer has now a trying time for several reasons: Grass is probably getting scarce; the cows are worried by heat and flies, and will, unless carefully fed and attended to day by day, yield a little less milk, and when once a cow's milk yield has considerably decreased, it cannot then be increased by an extra quantity of food. Cabbages, or some other succulent food, should now be provided, with the addition of cake, grain, crushed oats or artificial food of a similar description. Mangolds, kohlrabi or other roots grown for winter food must also receive their final weeding, which will keep both horse and hand hoe employed. On wet days cabbage plants for autumn use can be transplanted, and just before harvest a final sowing of "Enfield Market" cabbage seed should be made to produce seedlings, which should be transplanted in the autumn for consumption during the following spring and early summer.

#### THE CATTLE-BREEDER OR REARER.

Between haytime and harvest many of the cattle-breeders' young calves that have been reared, whether by their dams or by drinking from the pail or bucket, will by now have been weaned and will require constant attention. They need abundance of shade, for which purpose there is nothing better than an old barn, or, failing this, a cool shed, well ventilated, but kept as dark as possible to prevent flies from annoying the young calves. The weanlings which are a stage older and which will have been out at grass ought now to be brought in during the heat of the day to receive a little artificial food and whatever suitable green food the farmer has provided for this purpose. These young cattle can be turned out again in the evening. It is equally important, too, that the older cattle at grass are constantly supervised, to make sure that they are growing and gaining flesh. This will not be the case if the grass is overstocked or if the cattle are unable to obtain sufficient drinking water. In most cases the owner will find it more lucrative to provide his cattle with a little cake or artificial food at this period of the year. Not only does this apply to very dry weather, but even after beautiful rains. From July onwards grass does not contain the nourishment and fattening qualities that it possesses earlier in the year.

#### THE FLOCKMASTER.

At this time of the year the sheep-farmer is also busy. Each one of his flock must be "dipped." Every sheep and lamb, too, must be constantly watched, to see if any one may have been "struck by the fly." For the eggs of the "blow-fly," deposited by the female in the wool of sheep or lambs, hatch into maggots. When a sheep is found to be infested with these pests prompt measures must be taken to kill them at an early stage of their existence. Flockmasters who do not breed sheep but only keep them on as stores to sell again, or who fatten them for the butcher, are, as a rule, now looking out for lambs and must attend fairs and sales for this purpose. They must also decide on the quantity of sheep their "eddish" and second crop of "seeds" will carry. It must be remembered that to oversock a farm is quite as likely to result in a loss as to understock one. Sheep-farmers who own a breeding flock are now also busy,



as next year's success or failure depends to a large extent on the amount of skill shown in weeding out the draft ewes and in choosing the "shearling" (yearling) ewes to take their place as future mothers. When the careful breeder adds home-bred ewes to his flock the task of selection is fairly easy; he or his shepherd ought to know which is the dam of each of the young ewes, and unless there is something radically wrong with their type, or shape and make, only young ewes, whose dams have proved themselves worthy of reproducing their species, should be retained. On the other hand, if the sheep-breeder replenishes his flock from an outside source, he is obliged to exercise great care in selecting fresh ewes. Unless a farmer is hard pushed for ready money, or is tempted by very high prices, or for some reason sells his entire flock, it may be taken for granted that any ewes he parts with are not those which he considers his best. The young ewes which a breeder has for sale are, as a rule, those remaining after the "tops" have been added to his own flock. Purchases should be made from an old-established flock which has kept up its ancient reputation for purity and constitution. Then the buyer cannot go far wrong. Stock thus bred, even if inferior in size or in some other respect to animals less highly bred, are yet certain to reproduce offspring of more uniformity and of

better type than would be produced by stock of more humble origin. The draft shearling ewes sold from well-known flocks, too, are generally twins, late lambs, or themselves the produce of shearling ewes; which, although they do not mature so quickly as single lambs, those born early in the year, or lambs from ewes two years old and upwards, yet will continue to grow and improve. When it is inconvenient or not advisable to invest much money in adding expensive shearling ewes to his flock, a judicious breeder can often buy the aged or "crone" ewes of a well-known strain at a trifling cost; and provided they will rear him one or two crops of lambs, such a purchase often proves remunerative. It must also be borne in mind that unless these ewes had proved themselves first-class breeders and mothers they would not have been retained for so many years in the vendor's flock. Now, too, the flockmaster must choose the sires for his flock, and the greatest care and trouble is necessary in so doing, for the result of using an inferior sire can be traced in the progeny for generations. A ram will probably be the sire of as many as fifty to one hundred lambs a year; hence the purchase of a really good sire is one of the best investments that a farmer can make. A few extra pounds spent in this respect may be the means of adding several shillings per head to his lambs. W.

## SHOOTING.

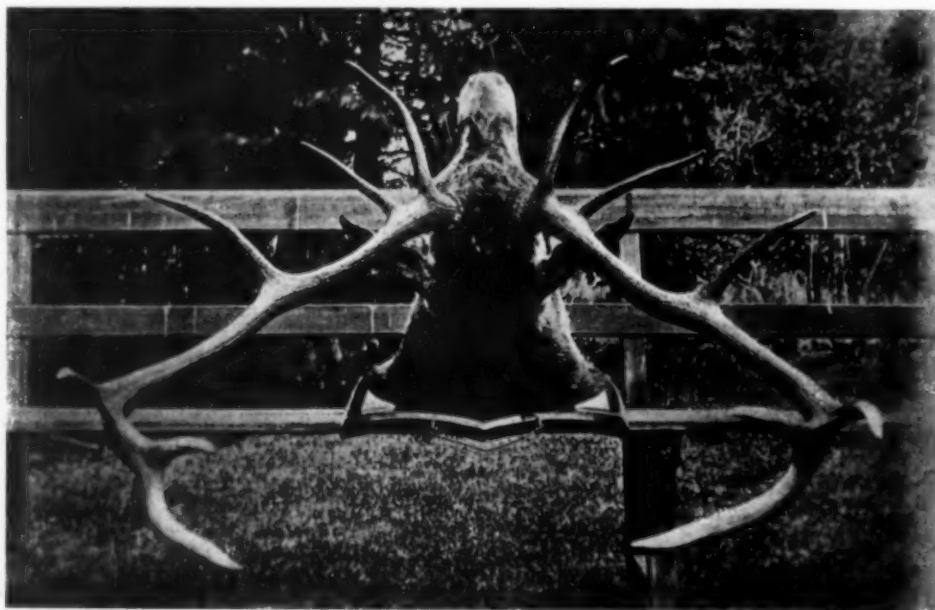
### SOME NEW ZEALAND HEADS.

FROM the Liverpool Docks to the "Long White Cloud" is a far cry; but the wandering sportsman will find in New Zealand more to make him feel at home than in many a country closer to his doors; the very names of the streets and towns, in the South Island at any rate, if he be one of the fortunate minority hailing from the North of the Tweed, bring back to him the scenes with which he is most familiar; the accent of those whom he meets falls on his ear with an insistence the more pleasing from the fact that he last heard it so many thousands of miles away; while if he be a deer-stalker he may find without much difficulty many another addicted to his favourite pursuit and well read in the classics of a sport which has no equal.

Fifty years ago there was not a stag in New Zealand; now it is one of the finest deer-stalking countries in the world, and the heads obtained there would, alas! put to shame every deer forest in Scotland. I have not here the space to go fully into the history of the three main deer herds to be found in the two islands, though I hope to do so at some future date. A brief sketch of their origin, however, may be given here. There is not a great deal to say about the Nelson herd. A stag and two hinds landed in February, 1861, from Lord Petre's park in Essex, were its progenitors. Of their descendants I cannot say much from personal experience. I saw some fifteen or twenty heads and they were, almost without exception, narrow, ugly and unsymmetrical. The herd best known to English stalkers is found in the Wairarapa. It is descended from a stag and two



14-Pointer: Killed by Mr. C. D. Hodgkinson.



The finest head from Otago: Killed by Mr. H. E. Hodgkinson.

hinds presented by the late Prince Consort in 1862. In 1905, on Mr. Riddiford's run, the number of deer was estimated at 10,000. Five or six years ago the whole district, including the Government reserve of 32,000 acres, was open to sportsmen; but the privilege was much abused, indeed, I believe, two so-called sportsmen killed something like 100 stags, chiefly young deer, in a few weeks and the run-holders, very naturally, closed their ground to all save their personal friends and those having proper introductions. There is some talk of the Government reserve being thrown open next year, but until this takes place, I should like to warn sportsmen who wish to stalk in the North Island, that it is a very difficult matter unless they have introductions to one of the big run-holders. This, indeed, is the only fault which I have to find with the Tourist Department of New Zealand. They do not in their publications say in so many words that anyone can stalk in the Wairarapa, but that is the impression left on the reader's mind; and when, as at the time of writing, practically the whole stalking area is in private hands, they have no business to mention it at all. One other word of advice I should like to give. Find out definitely when the stalking season opens in the various districts, as it is very liable to be changed. Mr. T. E. Donne, whose kindness to me was unfailing, is only too willing to render any assistance in his power to visiting sportsmen, and the same may be said of the secretaries of the various acclimatisation societies. The North Island and South Island deer-stalkers are both very jealous of their herds, and a fierce discussion was raging when

I was in Wellington, as to the purity of descent of the Wairarapa deer. The champion of the South Island threw out dark hints about the bar-sinister and unauthorised German alliances in the past. The gentleman who took up the cause of those on whom such aspersions were cast demanded proof and dates; these were given and refuted; but, to make a long story short, it was pretty conclusively proved that German blood had crept into the Windsor herd. One stalker in the North Island was so overcome at hearing the verdict, that he was heard to declare that his stalking days were over! The third, and to the Scottish deerstalker, finest herd of red deer is found in the South Island in North Otago. The two stags and five hinds, presented to the Otago Acclimatisation Society by the Earl of Dalhousie in 1870, were liberated on the Morven Hills, and their descendants are the only deer in New Zealand who can claim pure Scottish descent.

To come now to particular heads. I was very fortunate in visiting New Zealand when I did, as at the exhibition held at Christchurch were heads to the number of 100, collected from all over the colony. They were extremely well arranged and included many beautiful heads, but to anyone who had carefully studied red deer, one head stood out from the rest. This was H. E. Hodgkinson's royal (No. 8). It is the finest head I have ever seen; a perfect normal stag, combining long well-developed tines with great length, heavy beam and unusual, indeed record, spread—no unworthy headpiece for even Landseer's



A 16-POINTER.

"Monarch of the Glen." Only in one particular should I like to see an alteration, and that is in the tops. There is no sign of a cup, indeed, a cup is very rare in Otago heads, and it is with regard to this point that I differ with Mr. E. Hardcastle, a great authority on deer in New Zealand, when he says that the Otago deer perpetuate the true Scottish type. The left bay point of this head is a little weak, but the horns are otherwise a nearly perfect match. The second best head in the exhibition in my opinion was Mr. C. D. Hodgkinson's 14-pointer (No. 6); and the third, Mr. Melville Gray's royal (No. 3). This was a somewhat similar style of head to No. 8, though the span was not so good. The lower tines were somewhat short, but the tops were magnificent, though again there were no cups. I noticed that sometimes there was an attempt at a cup on one side in these Otago heads, but I never saw two really well-developed cups like you find in a good Scottish stag. W. Allan's 16-pointer (No. 14) was a fine head with a long horn and a good span; he shot it at 500yds. with a Snider carbine. A head not included in the exhibition, but said by those who have seen it, to be the best head shot in Otago, is a 16 pointer of which a photograph will be found in this article. The length of horn was 42½in, which is the only measurement I have. It was shot by a poacher in 1900 or 1901 in the Dingle Valley, near Lake Hawea. He sold it for £7. 10s. to a local stalker, who in turn resold it for £20 to the late Mr. A. R. Blackwood, a well-known Melbourne sportsman. A



A 17-POINTER.

very pretty head, combining good measurements with symmetry, was Mr. E. Hardcastle's royal (No. 28). Mr. H. E. Hodgkinson's 17-pointer (No. 5) carries the greatest number of points of any head killed in Otago; and this head, together with one killed by Mr. E. Hodgkinson—a 15-pointer (9+6)—are the only Otago heads I heard of with palmated tops. This stag (No. 5) measured as follows: Length, tip of nose to root of tail, 96in.; height at shoulder, 56in.; girth, 60in.; girth of neck at shoulder, 41in. I have heard of a stag shot by the Rev. W. Oliver which from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail taped 108in. A 12-pointer I killed in the Dingle this season measured in a straight line from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail 74in.; height at shoulder, 48in.; girth behind shoulder, 53in. The curious thing about this stag was that he



A WAIRARAPA ROYAL.



had seven points on his left horn, the extra point being situated just above the bay time, a thing I have never seen in a head before. The measurements of the length of the other two stags quoted above seem extraordinary, and I do not think they can have been taken in a straight line. Mr. J. H. Bond's 15-pointer (No. 12) was a fine head; so was Mr. E. Hardcastle's 14-pointer (No. 24). Mr. C. D. Hodgkinson's 14-pointer (No. 10) of which a photograph is shown has great length of horn, as has his brother's royal (No. 7). New Zealand stags are but seldom weighed; almost the only authentic weights I have are of a stag killed in 1904 at Lake Hawea; ungralloched, he scaled 44st. 4lb.

To turn now to the Wairarapa heads. The difference between the two types is very marked in most cases. The North Island heads are much heavier, shorter and more massive than their relations in Otago. Mr. Hardcastle accounts for this by tracing it to the German strain in their composition. He maintains that were these deer removed from the Wairarapa to Otago, their heads would still preserve the present type. In this I do not agree with him. I consider the formation of their heavy, park-like horns to be largely due to the nature of their surroundings, and the presence of limestone in the district in which they live. The effect of climate and food on the growth of a stag's horns is well seen in Mr. Lucas's deer at Wamham. I see no reason why a similar change should not have taken place in the Windsor deer imported to the Wairarapa. If Otago deer were turned out in the Wairarapa district, in a few years a similar change would take place in their horns. German blood may be responsible for something, but climatic conditions and change of food for much more. Nos. 50, 55 and 59 in the catalogue of Wairarapa deer all have those bifurcations emanating from the back of the main beam which Mr. J. G. Millais alluded to in a recent number of this paper as being characteristic of park deer, and for which high feed is more or less responsible. The largest head killed in this district now hangs in the Wellington Club. It has twenty-two points, and, as may be imagined, is excessively ugly. The brow time is missing from the left horn. It was killed by Mr. N. Grace. The length of this head is 35½ in.; widest outside beam, 27 in.; and beam, according to Mr. Hardcastle, 9½ in. Mr. E. W. Bunny's 17-pointer (No. 55), to which I have already alluded, is a remarkable head, and holds the record weight for the colony, namely, 20lb., though a Nelson 13-pointer killed by Mr. R. Acton Adams in 1904 equals it. Mr. T. E. Donne's 17-pointer (No. 78) was a big head, with the widest span of any stag killed in the North Island. The 10-pointer killed by this gentleman (No. 74) is only equalled in beam by one other head (No. 69), and, though not pretty, has a nice rough horn. No. 81 had a good spread for a Wairarapa stag, and No. 63 was also a good head. Mr. L. Tripp's royal (No. 62) was one of the prettiest heads from this district, the left horn especially having a very fine top. A characteristic of many of the heads from the Wairarapa is the shortness or absence, in many cases, of the bay times; for this there is apparently no means of accounting. Of the other heads the measurements speak for themselves. All the horns in the exhibition were measured under Mr. Donne's supervision, and though I have in some cases obtained slightly different measurements from the owners, I have preferred to leave them unaltered as they appear in the catalogue. I append an additional list of heads which were not in the exhibition, the measurements in nearly every case being supplied to me by Mr. Hardcastle, who in turn obtained them from the taxidermists who set them up.

#### NORTH OTAGO HEADS.

By Whom Shot.	No. of Points.	Length of Antlers.	Span Outside.	Beam.	Year.
J. S. Handyside	11	41	32½	6½	1894
C. R. Westmacott	13	41	37	6	1897
R. Heaton Rhodes	12	40	35	5½	1899
A. E. Leatham	11	44	38	5½	1900
"	15	41	38	5½	1901
D. Bell	9	41	35	6	1901
C. D. Hodgkinson	12	40	32½	5½	1901
Major Cliff	12	45	34	6	1902
R. E. Clouston	12	42½	37½	5½	1902
W. G. Munro	13	41	35½	5	1902
J. Horn	12	43	38½	5½	1904
B. Armytage	13	40½	33	6½	1906
"	11	40½	36½	6	1906
Major Bluett	12	40	34½	5	1906
H. F. Wallace	9	41½	35	5½	1907

Mr. B. Armytage killed two fine royals, and a very good 14-pointer, in 1907. I have not the measurements in front of me, but I think I am right in saying that the best royal was 41½ in. and the 14-pointer 42 in. in length. One other word as to the Otago heads. Deterioration is not confined to Scotland, for in the district in which I was stalking I saw more malforms and "rubbish" in a day than I have ever seen in any Highland forest in a week. The ground on which I was stalking adjoined the country on which the deer were originally liberated, and this, no doubt, accounted for it to a great extent, as twenty miles distant the stags were nearly all fine promising young beasts, and showed no signs of in-breeding. However, in a fortnight,

on this particular block, I saw sixty-one stags, ten of them being young 6-pointers. Of the remaining fifty-one, thirty-three might have been called normal, ten were pronounced malforms, one was a switch, while the remaining seven had but one horn apiece. Out of the thirty-three stags I have called normal, thirteen were probably old stags going back, and four carried heads of seven points. This brings the total down to sixteen good stags, and of this number I considered three were shootable beasts. Not a very large percentage when everything is taken into consideration.

A herd of red deer were imported in 1897 into the Canterbury district of the South Island. The winter there is shorter than in Otago; the bush feed is better but the grass feed is not so good. The first deer killed there were obtained this last season in the Rakaiia Gorge. These stags cannot be regarded as genuine wild deer, but I give their measurements below. The brow points of Mr. Rhodes's head deserve special mention.

#### CANTERBURY HEADS KILLED 1907.

By whom shot.	No. of points	Length of horn	Outside span.	Beam.	Year.	Weight of skull and horns.	Remarks.
A. E. G. Rhodes	12	40½	41	6 7-8	1907	22lb.	The brows measured 17 in.
Dr. Moorhouse	15	38½	38	7 7-8	"	22	Going back.
G. Gerard	12	47½	37½	7	"	21	Young stag.
"	18	36	32½	6	"	21½	Going back.

My best thanks are due to Messrs. T. F. Donne, E. Hardcastle, Leonard Tripp, H. E. Hodgkinson, A. E. G. Rhodes and D. Russell both for information and photographs with which they have kindly supplied me. H. FRANK WALLACE.

#### PARTRIDGES ON THE CLAY SOILS.

It is to be feared that on the clay soils, such as parts of Essex, a certain number of the young partridges have been lost, as always happens when the weather is hot and dry about the time they are hatched out, through falling into the cracks in the ground and being unable to get out. They are most helpless of all when some rain comes, wetting the surface of the soil, while the cracks are still gaping, for the effect of this is to make the clay ball on their feet, so that they have really no chance at all of climbing out of a difficulty. Their habit of running instead of hopping, after the manner of most birds, puts the partridges at a disadvantage in this particular respect, though, no doubt, it is a better mode for locomotion generally. But just in this particular it does not serve them well. A hopping bird, even when lately out of the nest, would clear these narrow cracks easily. Besides which, the hoppers, as a rule, do not leave the nest until their wings have begun to be of some use to them. This year the rain did come just when the birds had not long been hatched. Nevertheless, on the whole, even on the heavy lands, there is every prospect of excellent sport.

#### PARTRIDGES ON THE HEAVY LANDS DOING WELL.

It is curious that in the general failure of last year's partridges some of the heavy lands had comparatively quite a large stock. It has sometimes been argued that in years when the birds on the light lands do well those on the heavy soils do badly, and *vice versa*; but if this is to be taken as a general rule at all it is certain that a good many exceptions can be found—not always of the nature of those which prove it. There is that comparatively heavy land in Essex, at Braxted, where the Tip Tree jam is made, which is now held by Mr. Gladstone. Last year the partridges did splendidly there, while they were a failure on most of the light soils, and this seemed to support the supposed rule just mentioned. But this year, on the other hand, while all seems to be going so well with the birds on the lighter lands, the Braxted birds are quite as good as they were last, so far as can be judged at this time, and this is distinctly a counter argument to the rule, for, according to its theory, those heavy-land birds ought not to be so healthy and so many. Of course, the best of the heavy lands will not give as many birds to the acre as will the best of the light. It is all relative; but it is wonderful how the stock on much of the ground less naturally favourable to the partridges has been improved recently by the adoption of methods which show more understanding and give more care for their well being.

#### THE RAT PLAGUE.

Much good for the partridges may be expected from the measures which are being energetically taken over a great part of the country for the extermination, or, at least, the reduction of the rats, and it behoves those who have a care for this or any other species of game to give all the help in their power to the anti-rat crusade. There is a species of bird, the wild duck, which is being seriously considered in many places as an addition to the bag of a day's covert shooting, and a pleasant change from the perpetual pheasant, that is even more liable to the attacks of rats. We have heard lately of an estate, where the rearing of wild duck was made something of a feature, which suffered losses to the extent of twenty-eight of the duck in a single night, all killed by rats, and these were not mere fledglings, just out of the egg, but half-grown birds, "larger than pigeons," as our informant stated. It shows that they need protection from this particular danger up to a later stage than is commonly supposed.

#### EXCEPTIONS TO THE GENERAL WELFARE OF PARTRIDGES.

Among the many pleasant things that have been said, and said truly, by way of forecast to the coming partridge season, a correspondent has written to point out that there are certain unfortunate exceptions. He instances the birds in the North, in the excellent partridge country of the East Coast of Scotland, also the birds of parts of Yorkshire. Here in consequence of so few birds being left for stock last season there are not many this year, and it has been a constant surprise to us that reports generally could be so very good, seeing what a small stock was left in many places where the shooters had not the self-restraint to hold their hands. It is but a week or two ago that we were dreading the effect on the birds of the June drought; now what we



are drizzling is the effect of the July deluge. Most of the hay, no doubt, was saved before the windows of Heaven were thus opened, but where the grass was late laid up for mowing, or where labour was hard to get to mow it (and labour seems harder to get with each year that passes), the grass is still uncut at the time of writing, and where partridges get into the mowing

grass after it is saturated as it has now been for many days together, it is only a certain percentage of the small birds that come out alive. Many must be lost through the continual wet, and the same cause has been the death of many a young pheasant.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### PROFESSIONALS AT BLACKHEATH.

SOMEHOW, Braid, Taylor and the Varions at work on the classic and ancient golfing soil of Blackheath strike one like a meeting of old and new. To be sure, these men are not altogether juveniles, but they are still really saying the last word about the game. Not one of the young men can make them appear "back numbers." Some foolish critics were saying the other day, when Taylor failed to make a mark at the championship, that he really was a "back number." To confute them he has been proving himself right up to front rank form ever since, and has had the best record of any professional since the championship. Finally, at Blackheath, he beat all his field by a stroke only, equalling his own record from the back tees. The Blackheath course, unique in many ways, has this peculiarity, that its round is of seven holes, and the ordinary match there is three times round the seven, or twenty-one holes in all. Taylor had the twenty-one in 96, Braid and Tom Vardon—the latter of whom seems to be coming on a constantly stronger game—were 97 and Harry Vardon 99. As usual, they finished very close together. As usual, too, it was his approaching that gave Taylor his leading score. In the afternoon they played a four-some, which I did not see, but which the papers show originality in reporting differently, both as to its sides and result.

### THE NEWEST "NEW COURSE" AT ST. ANDREWS.

I am not one of those who think it necessary to condemn *ab initio* the idea of the new course at St. Andrews, which it is now proposed to form on the St. Nicholas Farm ground east of the town, because its extent is 100 acres only. On 100 acres you can, if the ground helps you at all with tolerable undulations, lay out an eighteen-hole course. You cannot do much more, and if the proprietors of the ground are going to retain rights to take back for building bits of this bare sufficiency, as they are said to be about to do, they will be making the cloth just a trifle too small for the coat to be cut from it. Still, golfers are not so sensitive in Scotland as in England about driving into each other and crossing lines of holes. They pack their golfing ground closer than we do. Any aid to the relief of the St. Andrews congestion will be welcome. There is news of a big bit of ground falling into the sea there lately, but that is somewhere near the Martyrs' Memorial, as I understand, and will not affect the golf links, which are, on the contrary, steadily gaining in area on the side of the Jubilee Course. Even now there is golf played where water polo would have been the only game possible within my own comparatively limited memory of St. Andrews, which goes back only to the early eighties.

### A FINE FOURSOME.

I think that Duncan and Mayo, the pair that had the audacity to play Braid and Vardon once upon a time, have much cause to congratulate themselves on the result of their late match with Taylor and Butchart at Bramshot. Taylor has been in such terrible form recently that it is enough to strike fear into the heart of anyone opposed to him, and he had taken the opportunity, in his practice play at Bramshot, to drive the terror well home by going round in a score which has never before been touched on that course at its full length—73. This is two strokes below Forrest's former record. However, after ending the first round all square, Mayo and Duncan went off with a win of four holes in succession in the afternoon, and, practically holding the match in hand all the way, won it easily by six and five.

### H. VARDON AND BELLWORTHY.

Another good match on the same day (unfortunately, like most of last week's days, a terribly wet one), in which a man of the newer generation showed similar fine courage against a great reputation, was that in which Harry Vardon was playing Bellworthy on the Hellesdon course, near Norwich, whither the latter has gone to take up his abode. Many of us used to know him at Micham. Vardon gained a lead of three holes on the morning round, but Bellworthy halved the long match notwithstanding all the last five holes being halved. Of course, the local man had his advantage in knowing the greens, but, for all that, it was good work.

### HERD IN THE "NEWS OF THE WORLD" COMPETITION.

But the best of all good work lately done is Herd's, because it is work of a veteran (or one who is, at least, approaching that honoured rank), and with the veterans all my sympathy is bound to go—for reasons purely personal. Herd beat all his field handsomely—and it was a good field—in the qualifying play for the *News of the World* competition. This was in the Northern section, and, of course, that Northern section is not quite on a par, either for quantity or quality of professional golf, with the Southern; but, nevertheless, it, too, set up a sectional record of entries this year. Herd won by two strokes, and second came Robson, the Chester boy, one of whom the very greatest things are expected in the future. Afterwards came Tom Ball, steady as Old Time, and Renouf equal at a stroke above Robson; then Beck and Watt, and finally Ray and Roberts tying for last place, which Ray gained on playing off, in the qualification list. What a fine display on the part of the Jersey man, for one thing! It is wonderful how the Vardon legend works as an inspiring force in that island.

### MR. JOHN BALL AND OTHERS.

And another veteran who is doing "yeoman's service"—which is just what he ought to do—is Mr. Ball. He hammered his namesake of Leasowe, on the Leasowe links, in playing off a tie for a cup which he himself had given,

and then, a few days later went round in a record score, the two nine holes of the New Brighton course, near Wallasey. He and Herd never seem to grow older. David Herd has lately broken the Littlestone record, on a course at full stretch except for the seventeenth tee. The Herds uphold the St. Andrews tradition; but that great course does not produce its champions as it used to, and as it ought to. Why is it? I think I know. But the story is too long for telling here.

H. G. H.

### THE LADY CHAMPION HONOURED.

The Musselburgh ladies, proud of the victory of Miss Maud Titterton, celebrated her success in the Open Championship by holding a garden party in her honour last week. The gathering took place in the grounds of Pankie House, by permission of Sir Alexander Hope. Miss Titterton is a member of the Musselburgh Ladies' Club, and has held the office of captain. About 150 guests were present, among them representatives of the Provost, magistrates and Town Council of Musselburgh, and some of the golf clubs in the district. It was also intended to extend the compliment to Miss Dorothy Campbell, the Scottish lady champion, and also a member of the club, but Miss Campbell wrote expressing her regret at being unable to attend. At the brief opening ceremony it was stated that Musselburgh professionals had won the Open Championship eleven times within the past fifty years. Their names are: Old Willie Park, four times; Bob Ferguson, three times; Willie Park, jun., twice; Mungo Park and D. Brown, one each. Now a championship honour had been brought to Musselburgh after a lapse of twenty years, this time by a lady. Miss Titterton was made a life member of the club, and thereafter she handed over the championship cup to the care of the club.

### A SCHOOL OF GOLF.

Judging by an advertisement that has lately appeared a school of golf is now established in London at the Royal Botanic Gardens. The idea is to teach the rudiments of the game to young and old of both sexes. Though a golf school may be a new phase of the game's development in this country, it is a system of teaching which has long been known in America. Willie Dunn instituted such a school in New York a good many years ago when the game began to be taken up so widely by the Americans, and, doubtless, there have been many other schools since. The London school, however, seems to be arranged differently from the New York school. Here a portion of garden is laid out with putting greens and surrounded by nets. Driving and brassie shots can be practised by the player standing some distance off against the nets, which are described as being high enough to catch a lofted shot. Short approaches can also be played, and there are ample opportunities for putting. Professionals have been engaged to give instruction. The American plan was to utilise a large room or hall; but the open air instruction ought to be more pleasant because of the better light, the air and the sun and the greater freedom.

### INEFFECTIVE PRACTICE.

The wonder really is that so many years have passed by since the game became so popular without an effort being made to start a school of golf in all our large towns. With busy men, at any rate, limited to one day's golf in the week, going to school to learn the rudiments seems to be the only effective way of bridging over the early difficulties of the game. It may seem an undignified kind of tuition compared with the links, but, after all, there are three essentials that have to be learned by every player—stance, grip and swing. Not one of these things comes intuitively to any man or woman, and to some never at all, though the dismay of hopeless years may be acutely felt in digging up useless turf and in losing or breaking new balls. Our present system of teaching learners is largely ineffective for its purpose of making good as well as quick golfers. Popular professionals like Braid, Vardon and Taylor have the hours of the week, month and year looked a long way in advance. The learner to-day who gets his first lesson may not be able to get a second until after the lapse of a long interval, but he goes out to cumber the links all the same, and to evolve a game of his own devising. It is the absence of training in the rudiments of a very difficult game that accounts for so many bad styles and so many slow players on crowded links.

### THE PROFESSIONAL AS SCHOOLMASTER.

On the other hand, were a school of golf available near the centre of a town with such a sign-board upon it as "Braid, Vardon, Taylor and Co.," there are hundreds of ladies and gentlemen who would drop in for half an hour, or an hour, to get instruction and practice rather than absent themselves from business or social engagements specially to attend the links. In deed, the school of golf idea opens up new possibilities in the career of the professional, for why should not the leading professionals teach their knowledge of the art to all students of golf in the same way as professors teach fencing, dancing and boxing? There are plenty of capable professionals—especially those getting on in life—who could do the "spade work" of the early teaching to pupils, leaving the polishing and the finishing to the headmaster. In this way a learner's style could always be revised and moulded until, in a short time, a really capable player was turned out to take a creditable place in the match hurly-burly of the links. At the present time golf teaching is too haphazard and incomplete; too much scope is left to the pupil to evolve "a sort of game," according to his own theories. But a combination of our leading professionals as the guiding heads of a really

first-class school of golf, ought both to be a money-making business as well as an incentive to all learners to acquire the rudiments thoroughly of how best to play, possibly, the most difficult of all the ball games in the world. The Professional Golfers' Association should look at the question broadly.

MR. STUART PATON.

The subject of Mr. Ambrose's sketch this week is Mr. Stuart Paton, a player very well known at Woking. Though Woking may now be said to be his home green, his figure is also a familiar one at St. Andrews, Muirfield and some of the other principal Scottish courses. His style of play, indeed, is in all respects reminiscent of the fast disappearing elegance and vigorous grace of the St. Andrews school of golf. Though his swing is shortened from what is usually accepted as the classic model of that school, those who have played against Mr. Paton are always prone to marvel at the distance which he causes his ball to travel and the steadiness of form which he invariably sustains in the ups and downs of a hard match. Mr. Paton, who is a scratch player and plus one in the Press Golfing Society, has taken part in a good many important competitions, especially at St. Andrews, where last year he tied for the William IV. medal. He is a particularly good putter, striking the ball easily, with an admirable follow through in the stroke. The fine condition of the Woking green is entirely owing to his painstaking supervision. The system of bunkering the course has been the outcome of his engineering and strategic skill, and though many of the members cannot exactly see eye to eye with him as to the profusion with which pitfalls are made to lie in the path of the erring and the unwary, there is, after all, a general consensus of opinion that the head which has devised the bunkers is not far wrong in its playing outlook. Mr. Paton himself holds the amateur record of Woking course with a fine score of 71; but, perhaps, greater than this feather in his cap is the popularity which his jovial and contagious *bonhomie* inspires among all golfers who come into personal contact with him either as playing friend or foe. The Woking green, indeed, may fitly stand as Mr. Paton's enduring monument. A. J. R.

#### MACHRIE:

##### A GOLFING PARADISE.

"WHAT a paradise this place would be if it were not for the beastly golf!" So spoke a wearied golfer after a day of howling in the bents and bunkers of Machrie links in the far-off island of Islay. He was paying a tribute to the wild, fascinating picturesqueness of the sea and landscape on which his eye had been feasting all day, and which, perhaps—who knows?—had caused him persistently to take his eye off the ball.

Many golf links have views and peeps which appeal strongly to the artistic senses; but, to the writer's mind, none can approach the beauty of Machrie on a fine day. As one stands by the sea on one or two of the tees the eye wanders from the ochre tints of the hills, rocks and peat bogs, which come right up and almost mingle with the bent grass of the links, to the azure blue of the bay, and the long white-crested Atlantic rollers as they lap, lap on to the golden strand which stretches for miles along the coast. The links run along a great semi-circular bay, so shallow and land-locked as almost to resemble a lagoon; and there is enough golfing ground to make two, if not three, eighteen-hole courses of the very best and most sporting nature. The course as it exists just now is just about as good as one may wish to come across. Comparisons are, as we know, odious, and there is no intention to challenge the merits of St. Andrews, Deal, Prestwick and the other host of first-class links. Yet it is reported that Harry Vardon has said that it is the best in the world. Even if this be an exaggeration, it is probable that the course possesses more distinctive features than the majority, and I really believe that, given a tithe of the

money which is lavished on suburban golf links, Machrie would stand *facile princeps*. Yet comparatively few golfers know it, and from October to April the course is practically deserted save for the quaint, rough-haired Highland cattle that browse at will. The reason, of course, is the difficulty of getting there, and the absolute necessity of going with a party, save in the holiday months of August and September, when the solitary hotel is full—*experto crede*. Yet I know of no better way of spending a holiday than ten days or a fortnight at Machrie with eight or ten congenial spirits. There are no stucco villas there, and the hotel, just a farmhouse which has been added to, is the only habitation save for one or two farms for miles. It is actually on the links, so that a 20yds. walk lands you at the first tee. Before giving a brief description of the links it might be as well to explain how to get to Islay from London. Leaving Euston at night, Glasgow is reached in plenty of time to catch the 8.30 a.m. boat train for Gourock, whence "doon the watter" in the Iona or Columba through the Kyles of Bute to Tarbet, and incidentally it may be said that

if the weather be fine this is a delightful trip (save for the trippers). Tarbet, a typical West Highland fishing village, is reached about noon, and then there is a drive of two miles across the isthmus to reach the last stage of a rather complicated journey. Another steamer is boarded, and for two hours the route is down Loch Tarbet, a long narrow arm of the sea. After the quaint islet of Gigha is past there is an hour and a-half of open sea, and, if all goes well, the little haven of Port Ellen should be reached by 4.30 p.m., and then the wind up is a drive of four miles to Machrie.

And now, having brought the party to their destination, for a few words about the actual course. It has often been asked, "What constitutes a test course?" Possibly the best answer to that query is that it is one where the best player must have the advantage. If such be the standard then Machrie certainly comes up to it. Personally, I know of no course where class tells so much, and where a really good player can give such liberal odds with such ease. There is not an easy hole among the lot, that is to say, every shot has to be played with accuracy, and there are a great many two-shot holes. Again, the turf is somewhat deceptive; it is soft to appearance and in some



"WOKING."

places mossy, but it will be found that the grass has very fibrous roots, consequently the iron shots must be taken very close to the ball and the hands held tight. Practically every hole has its feature, but one or two deserve an extra word of notice; Mount Zion, the third hole, has a world-wide reputation. Probably, according to the strict canons of the game, it is too difficult, or, rather, the punishment meted out to a missed approach is far out of proportion to the crime. It is not a long hole, only 405yds., but the difficulties surrounding the hole are so terrible that hardly anyone dares to go for the green in two. Indeed, to my knowledge, only one man, Mr. H. B. Tristram, the present headmaster of Loretto, has accomplished the feat of actually staying on the green with his second. The green is an island surrounded with bunkers of the most awe-inspiring character. It is about 25yds. long by about the same in breadth. At the back it slopes up, so that a ball pitched beyond the hole will stop, or even roll back; but if the shot be played a bit too strong it will disappear into a bottomless pit. Then this island, which has steep, almost perpendicular banks, varying from 4ft. to 30ft., is guarded as no other hole is guarded. In front there is a



deep gully about 15yds. from bank to bank, and at the bottom runs a burn. To the left is a field, which is out of bounds; on the right is the seashore, with banks rising precipitously to the green, and on the far side is the worst bunker of the lot—a deep, narrow grave filled with stones. No wonder that the hole is approached with prayer and much caution. Often I have seen men when actually within 50yds. of it take a putter to be sure of getting within easy pitching distance. On the other hand, the relief after the stroke has been successfully accomplished is one of the pleasantest sensations golf can afford. Though the succeeding holes are quite interesting, it is not until we come to the ninth that there is any very special feature. The tee shot to that hole (which is a very good length—about 370yds.) is over a terrific bunker called the Scottish Maiden. The young lady at Sandwich has her nose quite put out of joint by this great steep bluff of sand, fully 50ft. high, which faces the tee, bang in the line to the hole. The actual carry is not long, but there is no escaping it, for to the left is nothing but long bents, and to the right a ridge of bunkers. Many have been the devices of a short driver of my acquaintance to circumvent the hazard, when a heavy head wind is blowing, and it is only after ten years' study that he has found an oasis about 10ft. square to the right. But it needs the accuracy of a professor to place the ball. The hazard is a terrible one. Once in the maiden's embraces, the odds are heavy against getting out under double figures. I have known two men in, and the first player played sixteen more and yet won the hole!

The tenth is a good hole, but the eleventh still a better. "Glenegadale" (most of the names of the holes are Gaelic, the native tongue of the inhabitants) furnishes an excellent text for descanting on the value of straightness. The pathway is a track along the seashore some 10yds. in breadth, evidently a cart road in old days, but now covered with short crisp velvety turf, with the perfection of lies. On the left is benty ground, where the odds are that the ball lies badly; on the right, up a bank which runs the whole way to the hole, the lies are problematical and it is not easy to get home. But a plumb straight shot reaps its reward, for the ground is dead flat from tee to hole with never a bunker in the way. It is a really good four. The next hole, a full shot (200yds.), is called the Punch Bowl. It is a real "teaser" in a wind. All the last six holes are good testing ones, though at two the lies might be better, and money would be well spent in levelling down some of the lumps and cross furrows. Nevertheless, in spite of the bad lies which one does come across, even after a good shot, there is a charm about the course which is quite peculiar. Anything under 80 represents good golf. The record is held by Ben Sayers (74), but when the pick of the professionals played for prizes some years ago I fancy the best score was 79; but then they had had a bad crossing the day before. In conclusion, it is only fair to warn anyone who may be induced by this article to sample the delights of Machrie not to expect the comforts of the Savoy at the hotel. Yet the rooms are clean and well kept, the fare, if simple, is plentiful, and the whisky is made on the island. F. KINLOCH.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### BEGINNING EARLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the following account of a leap performed by a foal may be of interest to your readers. A half-bred hunter mare in my possession jumped a gate 4ft. 3in. high in cold blood. Her foal at foot at once followed. This occurred on June 19th this year, and the colt was born on May 15th, 1908. I think this is an extraordinary jump for a foal of about five weeks old. The feat was witnessed by three persons in my employ.—ALBEMARLE.

### MILCH GOATS AND THEIR YIELDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I fear that your correspondent who wishes to buy a goat yielding a gallon of milk per day will have great difficulty in doing so. Such animals are to be found, of course; but they are very rare, and their owners are scarcely ever willing to part with them. The author of "The Townsman's Farm," a small holder who has had considerable practical experience with goats, writes: "Would-be buyers of goats should bear in mind . . . that gallon animals are very, very scarce, and not to be purchased. . . . An ordinary milker gives from two and a-half to three pints a day. . . . Goats yielding less than two quarts can be picked up at low prices; occasionally goats giving more are also to be had for inconsiderable sums. Ordinarily, the price of goats runs about £1 a quart up to two quarts of yield; above that the rate rises. No owner of a gallon goat would sell it for less than £10." As a matter of fact, at the dispersion of the late Baroness Purdett-Coutts's herd last summer, some of the best goats sold for over £15 a-piece, and two more pedigree animals were sold at auction this spring, averaging £12 10s. These high prices are really not to be wondered at when the amount of milk yielded in proportion to the live weight of a really good nanny is considered. Fleischmane, at "The Book of the Dairy," puts the average weight of an average milk goat at 66lbs. This is probably rather low, but putting the live weight in 70lb., the yield of a nanny giving 1gal. of milk per day will in only one week equal her own live weight. Authorities seem to differ greatly as to the duration of the milking period in the goat, but the persistency of the yield is quite as important as the quantity given in one day. Common goats may be dry five or six months out of the twelve, but the records of the "crack" milkers entered in the milking trials at the Dairy Show prove that these picked animals keep up their yield almost throughout the year. The competing goats have usually been in milk from six to nine months, yet many of them yield about 3pts. daily, while exceptionally good ones do far better; for instance, the first prize-winner in 1907 had been in milk six months, but her day's milk weighed 9lb., or over 7pts. Such goats as this are usually bred from a well-known milking strain, but a non-pedigree animal picked up quite cheaply occasionally turns out extremely well. A near relative of mine has such a nanny which, after her first kidding, yielded 2qts. daily for about four months, besides feeding a kid at the same time. Her milk gradually decreased, but after the kid was weaned the goat gave about 3pts. right through the winter and had to be dried off seven or eight weeks before she kidded again. But she was always well fed, getting a few slices of mangold, a carrot or two and a handful of crushed oats, maize or bran during the winter and in wet weather, which, like all goats, she detests. Your correspondent asks whether butter can be made from goat's milk. Some goat-keepers make it, but the milk is not very well suited for the purpose, for, owing to the minute size of the fat globules, the cream rises very slowly indeed. The butter is quite white, but this, of course, is easily remedied by adding a few drops of annatto colouring, as is done by almost all dairymaids who cannot obtain the cream from Channel Island cows. Your correspondent likewise asks "Can the milk be rendered tasteless?" I think not, if once it has acquired a disagreeable taste, but where the goats and the milking utensils are properly cared for and kept clean the milk has no peculiar taste at all. Most people are quite unable to distinguish it from cow's milk. As a rule, it is only when a goat is kept in a dirty shed with soiled litter, or,

above all, in the vicinity of a billy, that the least goaty flavour is perceptible. As to food, their tastes are peculiar. The goat seems to be naturally a browsing animal, not a grazing one. It will eat and enjoy all sorts of garden rubbish that a cow would not look at, but it will not feed for long on the same piece of pasture, however good, and requires constant change of food. Hedge-trimmings (except privet and yew), brambles, briars, gorse, etc., are their delight; acorns, too, are capital food in small quantities, but in winter, and when in full milk, they require, and appreciate, a little corn and a few roots. They are not entirely immune from tubercular disease, but it is so rare among them that out of 130,000 goats slaughtered for food in Paris Dr. Nocard was unable to find the slightest trace of the disease. If overcrowded, or compelled to graze too long on the same pasture, they become affected with a form of wasting disease; but this is not tuberculosis, and is not communicable to man. Two fresh books treating of goats have appeared within the last few months, and should certainly be read by anyone thinking of keeping these animals. The first is "The Townsman's Farm," already referred to; the title of the second I cannot at the moment remember, having lent my copy to a friend. It contains the practical experience of a large number of modern goat-keepers all over England, and is quite inexpensive. The title I hope to be able to furnish next week.—EDITH CORNISH.

### TO READERS OF RICHARD JEFFERIES' WORKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am collecting notes of the life and writings of this famous writer. If any of your readers would refer me, by post-card, to articles, notes, or criticisms in books, magazines, or papers, I should be greatly obliged.—CUTHBERT H. F. CLARK, 164, Eastbourne Avenue, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

### WHO IS THE CULPRIT?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to a letter entitled "Who is the Culprit," in your issue of June 6th, may I suggest that squirrels are the cause of the nests coming to grief? A blackbird built a nest in a small holly bush in our garden, and laid five eggs. The nest was about a yard from the ground, and one day we saw a squirrel climb up to it and suck all the eggs. So I think it is quite possible for a squirrel to be the culprit in the case of your correspondent.—R. M. WILLSON.

### MALFORMATION IN ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if the accompanying roses will interest you. I have any number of similar ones in my garden this year, and am at a loss to know why such a malformation has occurred.—E. KESSELI.

[The roses sent by our correspondent have a number of greenish buds coming in their centres, and such examples are rather common this season. They are attributed to several causes, but the most likely is that the plants have been treated too liberally with manure in some form or other. Disbudding the unopened flowers too much at one operation may also cause the trouble. The only thing that can be done is to remove these malformed blooms as soon as they are seen and rely on later flowers.—ED.]

### THE PRESERVATION OF HEDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am glad to see that your correspondent "J. E. M." has found a point he rather disagrees with me, and if you would kindly allow me I would like to make one or two remarks in support of dead stakes being used, as the use of live ones, in my opinion, leads greatly to the destruction of the hedge. If, as "J. E. M." suggests, the live stake is nicked, I fear that, although the first year young growth might be produced at bottom, it will die off the second and third, because the stake, standing in a perpendicular position,





soon regains its mastership and will take practically the whole support. We cannot compare a layer to a stake in production of young quick; a layer is laid down and thereby opens the way for the young quick to grow up, whereas the live stake remains in the place where the young quick should grow. Any amount of nicking will not make the necessary room required, and if careful observation be made it will be seen that the few sprouts of the first year die off. In a single row of quick it is almost impossible to use live stakes and keep the hedge at its proper inclination. I quite admit that for the first year no harm would be noticed from the use of live stakes; but for the preservation of the fence my experience is they cannot be used. The hedges composed of live stakes nicked, at the end of nine years would not be a desirable fence, because practically the whole of the growth would be from the top of the stakes, whereas the whole of the growth should be from the ground line. With this I enclose a photograph to prove to "J. E. M." that a fence cut and laid without live stakes is a good fence at the end of nine years, with plenty of good young quick from the ground line to make the future fence. I cut and laid this myself, since which time it has enclosed on an average thirty breeding sows, eight or ten cart-horses, and at intervals the dairy cows and flock of sheep. No hedge could have had more stock to hold in; the field it encloses has always been grazed. With regard to the live stake being stronger than the dead, I fail to see any difference for say three years, that is if they are properly placed, after which time they are not required, having by then served their purpose; as a matter of fact, they last considerably longer. I thank "J. E. M." for the kind remarks he has made, and hope with him that this subject may in future receive more attention.—C. C. H. COOPER-ARNOLD.

#### SWANS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if any of your readers can tell us what is the usual number of cygnets to one pair of swans. We have only one pair of swans on our water—of about twelve acres; they fly to and fro during the winter. They have now ten well-grown cygnets with them. I imagine that this is an unusually large family.—GEORGE J. E. DASHWOOD, Kirtlington Park, Oxford.

#### GAME-PRESERVATION AND THE PROTECTION OF RARE BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am exceedingly grateful to Mr. Barrett for giving me the opportunity of referring again to the subject discussed by me under the above heading in a previous issue. The object of the article in question was to point out how the game preserves foster innumerable species at the expense of a few, which are, undoubtedly, destructive. At the same time, I should not like Mr. Barrett, or others, to imagine that the destruction of predatory birds has my sanction or support. Possibly it would surprise him to learn how many broods of so-called "vermin" owe their safety to my efforts. It is satisfactory to find that others are working in the same cause, but I should like to emphasise the fact, mentioned in my article, that without instructions to the contrary

being given by proprietors, keepers are naturally inclined to destroy those species which molest the game under their protection. Let proprietors once realise the harm which is being done by indiscriminate slaughter, and we shall have little further trouble. Let them give direct instructions to their keepers as to which species, if any, are to be regarded as vermin. Better still, let them direct that only such individuals as may visit the rearing-field on murder bent, or are caught in the act of destroying game, shall be killed. It is essentially a case for compromise, and the greatest tact is necessary in approaching the subject lest we alienate those who can best help our cause. In the Highlands, modern methods of shooting have brought to the front an exceedingly intelligent class of keepers, the majority of whom I have found very open-minded on this question. In the absence of special instructions from their masters they can do little to help us; but in those cases—they are still, alas! few and far between—where proprietors are interested in the protection of rare birds, they are only too ready to become the bird protectors referred to by your correspondent. In this district (Badenoch) an effort is being made to protect the rarer forms of bird-life which still remain to us, our object being to interest proprietors and their keepers in the cause. I shall, therefore, be glad at any time to hear from others who are working with the same object in view, as it is only by co-operation that we can hope to attain success. In conclusion, I may say that collectors of eggs and rare specimens are doing more damage in one year than all the keepers in the kingdom could effect in ten. Against them our efforts should be directed.—H. B. MACPHERSON.

#### ABOUT BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose you a photograph of two young missel-thrushes being fed, which I hope may be of interest. I took the young birds out of the nest some six weeks ago. I feed them on bread and milk mixed with ants' eggs, and they thrive on it. They are very tame, and directly I open the cage-door they fly out on to my hand as shown, where they sit and cry for food which I put into their mouths with a narrow wooden spoon. Directly they have had enough they hop back into the cage. Though they must be nearly two months' old they will not feed themselves yet, though one of them will sometimes pick up a little bread off the back of my hand. I had a sad disaster in my aviary last week. I had a hen goldfinch sitting on five eggs, and by some mischance the whole nest got knocked down and all the eggs were broken; the poor little hen died three days afterwards. I have hatched off two linnet-canary mules, which have done very well, and the canary is now sitting on four more eggs, which I hope will hatch off. I have turned a small conservatory into an aviary, and the birds thrive exceedingly well and keep in splendid condition; some of them I have had for over two years now.—BASIL H. JOY.

#### SEAWEED-FISHING OFF PORTUGAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the accompanying photograph of a boat used for fishing for seaweed in the estuary at Aveiro may be of interest to your readers. A sort of rake is dragged along the bottom of the sea, and the weed thus obtained is later dried and serves for manure.—MR. DE MAGATHALS.

